

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2831.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
THE LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA } By Post, 6½d.



THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA: SOLEMN REQUIEM SERVICE AT ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL, MALTA, JULY 4.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Alderman Cute in "The Chimes" observes that there is a great deal of nonsense talked about Want, and he intends to put it down; also a certain amount of cant in vogue about Starvation, and he intends to put that down. But "if there is one thing," concludes the Alderman, "on which I can be said to have made my mind up more than another, it is to put down Suicide." This man was drawn from life, and it appears that he has still lineal descendants in the country with a strong resemblance to him. During the last Midsummer Quarter Sessions no less than six persons—four men and two women—have been condemned to terms of hard labour for seeking to shuffle off this mortal coil, which the greatest genius the world ever saw, and who knew human nature best, has told us would be the most natural refuge for the miserable were it not for the apprehension of what may happen afterwards. "To sleep! perchance to dream." But the wretchedness of some of our fellow-creatures is so intense that even this possibility has no terrors. Here is a recent case, taken from a score of others: A widow had endeavoured to earn a livelihood by fancy-box making. Her boy was guard to a van, and the two together could only obtain seven shillings a week. At last, though working her fingers to the bone, she fell in arrears with her rent, and then had to borrow small sums to obtain food. The "worry" caused by the sense of her inability to pay, joined to privation, was too much, not for her brain, but for her powers of endurance. She felt herself a burden to her child. "Darling boy," she writes, "you do not know what pain it gives me to part with you. Be a good boy, George. Pay the trifles I owe when you can." Then she takes poison, and dies in her only chair. If she had not died, I suppose these Jacks-in-office who bring discredit on our magistracy would have sent her to prison for trying to die. It seems impossible that stupidity and brutality can further go than in these attempts to "put down" suicide by making life harder to those with whom it has already become intolerable.

As a general rule, though there are exceptions to it, it is no slight thing that causes a man to exchange this "pleasing anxious being" for another of which he has no knowledge. "When I frame to myself," says Donne, "a martyrology of all who have perished by their own hands for religion, country, fame, love, ease, fear, shame, I blush to see how naked of followers all virtues are in respect of this fortitude." And since Donne's day this army of martyrs, not "noble," indeed, yet not unworthy of tenderest pity, has immensely increased.

The hoaxes that are now being played with such wearisome iteration upon three of our senators are evidently the result of personal malice. Those of an earlier epoch, though mischievous enough, were free from this poisonous ingredient. The famous Berners Street one was played upon a perfect stranger to the perpetrator. The story is that Hook and Mathews were walking down the street in question when their attention was attracted to the particularly neat and modest appearance of No. 54. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Hook, "that in one week I'll make that nice little house the most notorious in all London." And he did so; but at the same time he did not even know the name of its occupier, Mrs. Tottington. Some minds resent the notion of neatness and comfort when enjoyed by their fellow-creatures. A story is told of Cobbett, a man by no means given to practical jokes, illustrative of this feeling; whether it be true or not, it is currently believed in the locality where it is said to have occurred. Walking with a friend, with whom he was staying in the neighbourhood of Cricklade, they came upon a very pretty house built on the banks of the canal. "Whose house is that?" said Cobbett. "It belongs to the clerk of the Wilts canal." "What! a clerk, and lives in a house like that? I'll soon get him out of it." And the tale runs, by no means to the patriot's credit, that from that moment he made such a dead set at the poor man in his newspaper as eventually did get him out of the house.

One is glad to see that the services of the police during the late metropolitan festivities are to be properly recognised. In its mixture of strength and mildness their behaviour reminded one of the advertisements of old ale, while their patience and good nature were beyond all praise. Some of them had their sixteen hours of duty, and such duty! The Life Guards in their cuirasses must have been almost grilled alive, and the eminent personage in his Cossack's uniform had one's warmest commiseration; but their sufferings were doubtless mitigated by the consciousness of their splendour; whereas to the poor peeler, far from his cook and her area—and, indeed, without any area at all—on foot, and in his unattractive apparel, virtue, save for a chance tip from some fair one rescued from the press, was its own reward. The British sailor is Britannia's bulwark, but when we are tempest-tossed by a crowd on land, it is to the British bobby that we look for succour, and never fail to find it. Many a haughty dame did I see cling to his stalwart arm with an affectionate confidence, and careless of the general impression that she was not only in trouble but in custody, while

with his disengaged hand he waved back the threatening steeds, and "saw" her across the street.

There is no point, to judge from the records of the past, in which the administration of London has so much improved as in its constabulary. In the beginning of the century each parish looked after its own interests in the matter, and very ill. "The decrepit old dotards," says a journal of the period, "to whose vigilance the different vestries have confided their fellow-citizens, are likely to profit from the order of nature being reversed by the life of our modern nobility, who, rising at two, dining at eight, and paying afternoon visits at midnight, are, in fact, with their servants, a much better patrol than our watchmen." The detectives of that time, called Robin Redbreasts, on account of their red waistcoats, were, however, exceptionally intelligent. Three of them were detailed for the protection of the royal family during the French Revolution—

What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,  
Who, to escape each wicked varlet  
And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,  
Fixed on Macnamus, Townsend, Jealous,  
Delightful company, delicious fellows,  
To point out, every minute, who is who!

The present agitation to do away with imprisonment for debt for however short a period is in curious contrast with the system which was acquiesced in by our ancestors a hundred years ago. The *Times* for April 25, 1793, states: "There is now a man confined for debt in Newgate who has been a prisoner there over fifteen years for a debt the original sum of which does not exceed forty-five shillings." No one thought of altering the law, but some pity appears to have been excited for the unhappy wretches who rattled the box outside the bars of Ludgate, with the whining cry of "Pity the poor debtors!" By advertisement in the *Times* of Christmas 1794, "The unfortunate debtors in Ludgate Prison beg leave thus publicly to return their grateful thanks to Lady Taylor, of Spring Gardens, for 149 lb. of beef, 21 half-peck loaves, and 21 sacks of coals. At the same time they entreat the Lord Mayor to accept their unfeigned thanks for his kind present of a guinea, which"—this reads a little sarcastically—"was equally divided amongst the debtors."

The length of time which the Prime Minister, or whoever it is, has taken to make up his mind to select a Laureate has been conscientiously made use of by the critics to abuse all the candidates. Not a week passes without one or another being held up to ridicule and shown to be "impossible." This, however, has always been so. The novelist gives the hounds a pretty good run, but he is a mere red herring compared with the poet. The reason of it is not quite clear, but it is probable, since his aims and methods are higher than those of the prose writer, that his pretensions are more resented. Hood has some graphic lines upon the treatment he receives—

What is a modern poet's fate?  
To write his thoughts upon a slate—  
The critic spits on what is done,  
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone.

An old gentleman with whom most of us must be personally acquainted, although not by name, has, I regret to say, been obliged to apply to the authorities for pecuniary assistance. We have seen him dispensing charity as an aged priest and receiving it as Belisarius; we have beheld him in imperial robes and also in rags, but always with a noble air. He has for years supplied the Royal Academy with its most picturesque and venerable old men. His long white beard still flows, but his popularity as a model has ebbed away! It is not that his merits are not still acknowledged; on the contrary, they meet with too much recognition. No matter whether he appears as a Druid, or an Emperor, or old Time himself, the art public exclaim, "Here is Jones again." It appears that he only adopted his profession in late life: he was not "led by the beard" to it, but his beard led him. Artist after artist met him in the street, and, enraptured with its exuberance, exclaimed "Sit to me"; and he sat to them. His situation, or rather his being out of one, is deplorable enough; but after all, when we do not commence our profession till we are seventy or so, we cannot expect a prolonged career.

Are models, like some actors, only capable of playing very old or very young parts? and when youth is over have they to give up their calling, like a chorister when his voice breaks? If this is so their profession leads as absolutely nowhere as that of a golf caddie. One would have hoped rather that a Cupid would have become a Bacchus, and a Bacchus a Silenus, and a Silenus a Saturn, and that every period of life would adapt itself to some new mythological or historical character.

Among my private correspondence I find a letter written on July 6 from an old lady in a metropolitan workhouse who is qualifying for a centenarian. *Apropos de rien*, she says, "I am very ill indeed, and hope they will have a prosperous journey we heavera they go. I have nother more to say." At first I thought this lady had lost possession of those wits about the retention of which after ninety years of age we are so solicitous; but on reflection I discovered that she alludes to the nuptials of the Duke of

York and Princess May. It seems to me a very touching and conclusive evidence of the interest felt in that happy event even by persons whose age and position might well excuse them from taking interest in anything.

The national weapon of the English has been stated by a cynical foreigner to be the umbrella—not so much with reference to our rainy climate as to the manner in which he has observed that instrument to be pointed and prodded at their fellow-citizens, to the peril of life and limb, by the inhabitants of this island. It is, in truth, the article which, as was once the case with the long bow, our great middle-class take more care of than any other of their possessions, never leaving it at home even on the finest day, and in many cases taking it with them at night to their bedchambers. It is curious that this observant foreigner has not also recognised our national amusement, which is neither, as he supposes, cricket or football, but quite another relaxation. Both those games have, of course, their public, and a large one, but what the masses delight in above everything is in "trying their weight." If they possess a penny it burns in their pocket till they have dropped it into the slot and stood upon the weighing platform. The reason of its popularity is, I think, because it affords a basis for conversation: it is essentially a family game, and the interest taken in grandfather's having "picked up a bit," or in our Mary Jane's having "put on flesh" is creditable to the ties of blood. The particularity of the inquiries as to whether the person about to undergo the operation is wearing the same undergarments, or whether he has so many coppers in his pocket as on the last occasion, is also very touching.

There are worse amusements than that of automatic weighing, and which are not so creditable to the ties of blood. A person has been going about the country with a "transparent-balloon-headed baby," accompanied by "a barrel organ and coloured lights." Upon investigation this turned out to be a poor little nine-months old child with water on the brain, whom its mother had hired out for purposes of exhibition!

The dogma propounded before a magistrate the other day by a cyclist that "if you ring your bell it doesn't signify what happens" to anybody, was described by his Worship as without precedent. In this, however, he was mistaken. Golf-players are judiciously silent upon the point, but it is firmly believed by the caddie that after his word of warning his employer can hit anybody on the head with perfect impunity. On Bruntfield, or other links which are a public thoroughfare, the player (when new to the game) sometimes shrinks from sending his ball "into the brown" of a group of women and children. "Ye need not fear, Sir," says the caddie encouragingly, "I ha' cried 'Fore'!"

A judge has been exhibiting an honest indignation at the manner in which incidents many years old have been imported into a murder case with the object of prejudicing a jury against the prisoner. It is a pity that this feeling on the part of the Bench should be confined to criminal cases. It seems in vain for witnesses whose character counsel wish to blacken to appeal to the protection of the Court, but could not a statute of limitation as regards peccadilloes, say of twenty-five years' standing, be enacted? There are very few of us who have nothing to reproach ourselves with for a whole generation, and really after that time we might be allowed to start with a clean bill. It proves nothing as regards our present moral character that when an infant in arms we chucked our nurse under the chin, but forensic ingenuity is capable of making even that reminiscence disagreeable.

The duck has been supposed to be the dullest of all birds, so much so as to reply in the affirmative to the invitation, "Dilly, dilly; come and be killed." A correspondent in New Zealand supplies me, however, with an anecdote to the contrary: "I live on the shore of the harbour, and I have a friend who dwells on the opposite shore eleven miles from me in a straight line. He lives up a narrow creek, and in coming to my place he has to pass a number of other creeks on either side, then several islands, and finally, to cross a stretch of open water about four miles, across where a swift tide runs and where there is often a heavy sea. A few weeks ago this friend came to see me, and brought with him as a present a common drake, which had been bred on his place, and had never been a hundred yards from the house. It came over in the bottom of the boat, where it could see nothing but the sky, with its legs tied. When he gave it to me, I turned it adrift with my own ducks, and thought no more about it, and, in fact, I never saw it again. When I saw my friend, however, some time after, he told me that on the morning after his visit to me he was awakened by a great commotion and quacking in his duck-yard, and on going out to see what was the matter, he saw the drake which he had brought over to me waddling up to the enclosure in rather a travel-worn condition, while his brethren were welcoming him as one restored to them from the dead." Considering what this Drake accomplished, my correspondent justly considers his achievement entitled to be coupled with that of the other circumnavigator, his namesake.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Ministers have survived the fateful struggle over Clause 9, but I suppose it was the stress and strain of the critical situation which provoked Mr. Gladstone to one of those outbursts of passion which used to be common five-and-twenty years ago, though they have grown rare with mellowing time. A moment came when wavering votes literally hung upon Mr. Gladstone's words. Rumours were rife of Radical defections. Mr. Atherley-Jones was reported to have made a cave, into which some dozen or fifteen hesitating heads were said to be fitfully popping. Dr. Wallace had made a speech full of strident quips, which filled the Treasury Bench with the pallid entertainment of men who do not wish to be thought deficient in humour even when they are on the brink of disaster. Mr. Gladstone had announced the previous day that the Government had abandoned the "in and out" section of the clause which proposed to keep eighty Irish members at Westminster by a marvellous juggle between purely Irish affairs and purely British affairs. Mr. Balfour had declared that to the inclusion of Irish members for all purposes be preferred their total exclusion, and at the end of his speech he had described the Government as unworthy of attack. Then the Prime Minister rose, and the hesitating polls came out of Mr. Atherley-Jones's cave to hear conclusive reasons why the Irish members, with a Parliament of their own in Dublin, should continue to meddle with English and Scotch business at Westminster. But on this crucial point the Prime Minister said never a word. He devoted some twenty minutes to the task of pulverising the man who had dared to say that the Government were not worth attacking. Did Mr. Balfour recall the performances of the late Government, especially their interference with Irish judicial rents after a solemn declaration that such interference would be dishonest? At first the House thought this was simply the prelude to the expected argument on the matter before the Committee. But no; with increasing fury Mr. Gladstone elaborated the iniquity of the late Government, denounced Mr. Balfour as a Pharisee, and sat down among his astonished colleagues without contributing a solitary crumb of comfort to the anxious little band of Radicals whom Mr. Atherley-Jones was trying to persuade that the path of duty lay in the direction of his political grotto.

What unfortunate impulse betrayed the Prime Minister into this vagary, I will not inquire; but it is certain that never in his life has he been so ineffectual at a serious juncture. It was a good opening for a gladiatorial display by Mr. Chamberlain, and he seized it with much gusto. To him succeeded Sir William Harcourt, who genially reminded him that in 1886 he was in favour of Irish autonomy and the retention of all the Irish members with unlimited powers of voting. Then Sir William essayed to justify the Ministerial change of front on Clause 9, but still there was no sign that the waverers were inspecting Mr. Atherley-Jones's cave merely in a spirit of geological curiosity. At the fatal hour of ten that gentleman was on his feet, expounding the views of the democracy, when Mr. Mellor rose to put the closure on eighteen clauses. First came the division on the "in and out" sections, which Mr. Gladstone had moved to omit. When the Ministerialists found they were victorious by a majority of twenty-seven, and when the clause in its amended form was passed by a majority of twenty-nine, their relief and joy were unbounded; but where were the Radicals who had dallied in Mr. Atherley-Jones's sanatorium for weak-kneed politicians? The Parnellites had voted with the Government because, although

they liked the retention of eighty Irishmen very little, they liked Mr. Balfour's proposal of exclusion still less. Probably the impartial stranger would say that the Government won not by the strength of their case, which, indeed, they scarcely argued at all, but by the tactical objection to the alternative proposition. Mr. Atherley-Jones carried with him into the Opposition lobby three or four admirers of his independent stand against official pressure, but the rest on whom he had counted shut their ears at the last moment to his plaintive cry, "Please to remember the grotto!"

After this the Committee permitted themselves the novelty of debating and passing a whole clause at a single sitting. The only novelty which refreshed the somewhat arid waste of debate on Clause 27 was Mr. Gibson Bowles's amiable suggestion that Lord Randolph Churchill should hold his tongue. Mr. Bowles had discovered some remarkable oversight, apparent only to himself, and the House was mildly amused to find this line of argument repudiated by Lord Randolph, who saved Mr. Morley the trouble of answering it. Clause 28 produced a discussion of the



THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT BISLEY: PUBLIC SCHOOLS' MATCH—BRADFIELD'S SUCCESS.

rights and wrongs of Irish civil servants, and the system of pensions proposed by the Government was denounced by the Unionists as a scandalous reproach to British honour, and by the economical Radicals below the gangway as a piece of extravagant and even foolhardy generosity. Mr. Labouchere pleasantly suggested that a civil servant everywhere always strove to get as much as he could for doing as little work as possible—a statement in which some members appeared to detect a flavour of personal reminiscence. Mr. T. W. Russell said the Nationalists wanted to make a complete clearance of the staff at Dublin Castle, and Mr. Gladstone suggested that this might prove too expensive a process to the Irish taxpayers, who would have to provide every discharged official with a pension. Then Mr. Storey, who is the embodiment of rugged pathos, besought the Chief Secretary not to give pensions to officials who might retire of their own accord—an appeal which drew from Mr. Morley the candid admission that the Government were forced to contemplate the possibility of a civil servant being compelled to resign by a vexatious policy on the part of the Irish Government, who might desire to get rid of him without the public odium of actually dismissing him. If Mr. Gladstone is the personification of wiliness, Mr. Morley is certainly the youngest Parliamentary hand I have ever seen in an exalted position.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## COURT-MARTIAL ON THE VICTORIA.

The naval court-martial, held at Malta, upon Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke and the other surviving officers and seamen of H.M.S. Victoria, which sank off Tripoli, on the coast of Syria, on June 22, was opened on Monday, July 17, on board the Hibernia, an old wooden three-decker, which is used as the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Tracy, the Admiral-Superintendent of the Malta Dockyard. The president of the court was Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, commanding the Mediterranean Squadron.

The letters from the Admiralty ordering the court having been read, and the members of the court having been sworn, Mr. Rickard read the despatch of Rear-Admiral Markham to the Admiralty, dated June 22, relating the disaster, with the statements of Captain Bourke, Staff-Commander T. Hawkins-Smith, Lieutenant Heath, and Flag-Lieutenant Lord Gillford, who were on board the Victoria, all which were published several weeks ago.

The first witness called was Chief Constructor Newnham, who stated that, when the Victoria was last in the dockyard, the bands of her water-tight compartments and scuttles were all in perfect order.

Captain Pourke was next sworn, and said that the letters read gave a true statement of the sinking of the Victoria. He had no complaint to make of any of the surviving officers and ship's company. The ship's log, the engine-room register, and the signal-log were lost. When first the staff-commander suggested to Sir G. Tryon that eight cables apart would be a better distance than six, he (Captain Bourke) said nothing. After the staff-commander went on deck, the Admiral sent for the flag-lieutenant and gave him a signal written on a piece of paper, which Captain Bourke did not see. The flag-lieutenant some time later came down to say that the staff-commander had told him that eight cables was to be the signal, instead of six. Then Captain Bourke said to the Admiral, "You certainly said it was to be more than six cables." Sir G. Tryon then said to the flag-lieutenant, "Leave it six cables," and the flag-lieutenant went on deck. When Captain Bourke was left alone with the Admiral, he reminded him that the turning circle of the Victoria was 800 yards (four cables). The turning circle of the Camperdown was practically the same. The Admiral replied that the columns should remain at six cables apart. After going on deck, and looking at the ships, Captain Bourke twice said to the Admiral, "We shall be very close to that ship"; and, "We had better do something"; but Sir G. Tryon made no answer. Then Captain Bourke asked, two or three times, quickly, "May I go astern full speed with the port screw?" At last the Admiral said, "Yes."

The inquiry was adjourned to the next day, when Captain Bourke was re-examined, and evidence was given by Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith and Flag-Lieutenant Lord

Gillford. Both these officers stated that, after the collision, Admiral Tryon exclaimed, "It was entirely my doing," and "It was entirely my fault."

## THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of members of Volunteer Rifle Corps, encamped for the customary shooting competitions on Bisley Common, near Woking, has been proceeding as usual since Monday, July 10. One of the most interesting contests, on Thursday, July 13, was that for the Ashburton Shield, with eight silver medals, offered to select teams of eight boys from the different public schools. It was won by Bradfield College, Berkshire, with a total score of 447, being 216 at the 200-yards range, and 231 at the 500 yards. The Bradfield team consisted of Messrs. Lawson, Sellar, Woodbridge, Bradshaw, Wheatley, Thring, Lomas, and T. P. Bradshaw. The next best scores were Rugby 437, and Charterhouse 436; but Uppingham, Cheltenham, and Marlborough each made 419, Winchester 418, Harrow 414, Clifton 413, and Eton 412; twenty-six schools in all competed. Among the visitors to England attending the Bisley meeting this year, the deputation from the Cape Colony received a cordial welcome. This team of twelve riflemen, in the first stage of shooting for the Queen's Prize, on July 17, made an average of 27 points for each man, the highest score made at that stage being 34.





THE ROYAL MARRIAGE CELEBRATION AT INVERNESS: SINGING "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Photo by D. Whyte, Inverness.

Corporal Boxall.

Private Vroom.

Bombardier Roberts.



Lance-Sergeant Miller.  
Private D. Menzies.

Lieutenant Wright, Adjutant.  
Private A. Menzies.

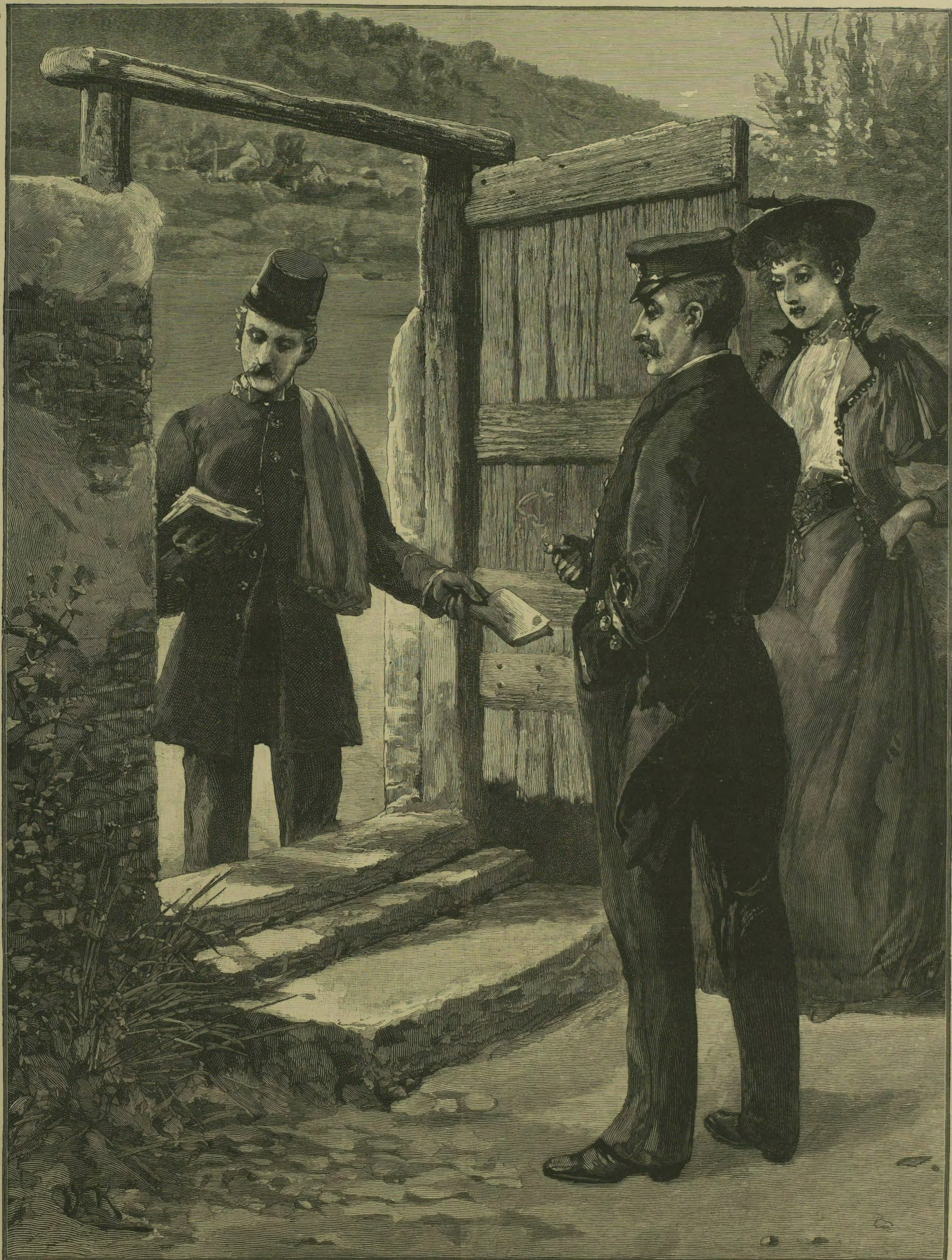
Major Scott, Commanding.  
Sergeant Batcheler.

Sergeant McNamara.  
Private Preston.

Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY: THE CAPE TEAM.





THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON.

BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.



## PERSONAL.

Some interesting particulars of Professor Henry Nettleship's methods of work are furnished in a letter from his widow. "My husband," says Mrs. Nettleship, "had just completed his articles on 'Nonius' (an edition for the University Press), when he was taken ill, one of which was printed in the 'Journal of Philology' this spring, No. 42; the other still remains in proof. He himself considered this the best piece of work he had ever done, only to be appreciated, I suppose, by scholars." In addition to his professorial duties and his literary studies, Mr. Nettleship gave "a large share of his time and thoughts" to his work for the women students. He was not so entirely absorbed in the most abstruse scholarship as to feel no interest or find no time for the educational advancement of women, which was, perhaps, the most significant element in the whole of his University experience.



THE LATE PROFESSOR HENRY NETTLESHIP.

Few, if any, visit with intention the last resting-place of Dante Rossetti, at Birchington, about a mile from Westgate-on-Sea. Some there are, indeed, who have discovered the grave in a casual ramble through the churchyard of the little village, but they are few. This scarcity of visitors arises probably rather from ignorance as to where the poet-painter lies buried than from indifference. There must be many an admirer of Rossetti among the thousands who will during this summer visit the various watering-places of the Isle of Thanet, who will be glad to learn that within a few miles' distance lies the little village of Birchington, uninteresting in itself, but full of memories of the great teacher. For a few years before his death Rossetti retired to the seclusion of a bungalow on the neighbouring cliffs, where he was visited by a few select friends. It was in this one-storeyed building, overlooking a vast expanse of the German Ocean, that he died, on April 9, 1882. His grave lies close to the church porch, and the headstone is covered with beautiful carving, designed by Madox Brown. In one panel is represented a monkish figure, sitting before an easel with palette and brush, the latter just falling from his powerless grasp—suggestive of the painter dying in harness. On the other side the following inscription is engraved—"Here sleeps Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, honoured, under the name of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, among Painters as a Painter, among Poets as a Poet; born in London, of parentage mainly Italian, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington, April 9, 1882." This cruciform monument, bespoken by Dante Gabriel Rossetti's mother, was designed by his life-long friend, Ford Madox Brown, executed by J. and H. Patteson, and erected by his brother William and sister Christina Rossetti. A stained-glass window in the church has also been erected to his memory, and goes by the name of the Rossetti window.

Lord Rosebery has earned a considerable debt of gratitude from the American missionaries in Armenia by the intervention which saved the lives of Professors Thoumaian and Kayaian. These gentlemen were sentenced to death, together with a number of their fellow-Armenians, for an alleged conspiracy against the Sultan. At the last moment Lord Rosebery insisted on the remission of the capital penalty against the two members of the American College of Missionaries, and the professors were accordingly set at liberty after undergoing tortures of mind and body. It seems that the evidence in support of the charge of treason was deliberately concocted by the Turkish officials. They even opened Madame Thoumaian's letters to her husband, and altered the text in order to give colour to the allegation that the Armenians were engaged in a revolutionary conspiracy. But for the energy of Madame Thoumaian's friends in London, the actual facts might not have been brought to Lord Rosebery's knowledge in time. Madame Thoumaian seems to cherish the hope that the administration of Armenia will be improved by the

regeneration of the Turkish Government. That prospect demands an optimism of a very robust order.

By a melancholy coincidence a general order issued by Admiral Tryon to the Mediterranean fleet last New-Year's Day has been published with the evidence taken by the court-martial on the loss of the Victoria. In this memorandum the Admiral defined the duty of an officer called upon to execute an order which he feels to be impossible: "When the literal obedience to any order, however given, would entail a collision with a friend or endanger a ship by running on shore or in any other way, paramount orders direct that the danger is to be avoided, while the object of the order should be attained if possible. Risks that are not only justifiable, but which ought to be incurred during war, are not justifiable in peace." This reads like prophecy. The order was not, however, intended to operate in a case in which the Commander-in-Chief was actually watching the execution of instructions signalled by himself, though Admiral Markham would have been perfectly justified had he declined to obey the fatal signal to the Camperdown, on the ground that the circumstances entitled him, in the words of Admiral Tryon's memorandum, to act on "his own responsibility." This is certainly the light in which the case is regarded by the public now.

The subscription for the benefit of widows and orphans of the seamen who perished on board the Victoria has closed at the large sum of £50,000. In our special Supplement this week, containing illustrations from sketches by eye-witnesses, of the terrible disaster, are three additional portraits of some personal interest. The engineers, in their confined situation below, when the ship finally sank with her engines and screw-propellers still working, had no chance of escape. Mr. Frederick G. Harding, chief engineer, whose portrait we give, was a most able and useful officer. The young midshipman, Mr. Herbert Marsden Lanyon, who sacrificed his life to his devotion to the Admiral, was in the seven-teenth year of his age. He was second son of Mr. Herbert Owen Lanyon, of Belfast, nephew to the late Colonel Sir W. Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G., and grandson of the late Sir Charles Lanyon, of White Abbey; he joined the

who can inspire a bard to figure him as an ancient Greek shepherd, suggesting ideas—

From him that on the mountain lea  
By dancing rivulets fed his flocks,  
To him who sat upon the rocks  
And fluted to the morning sea.

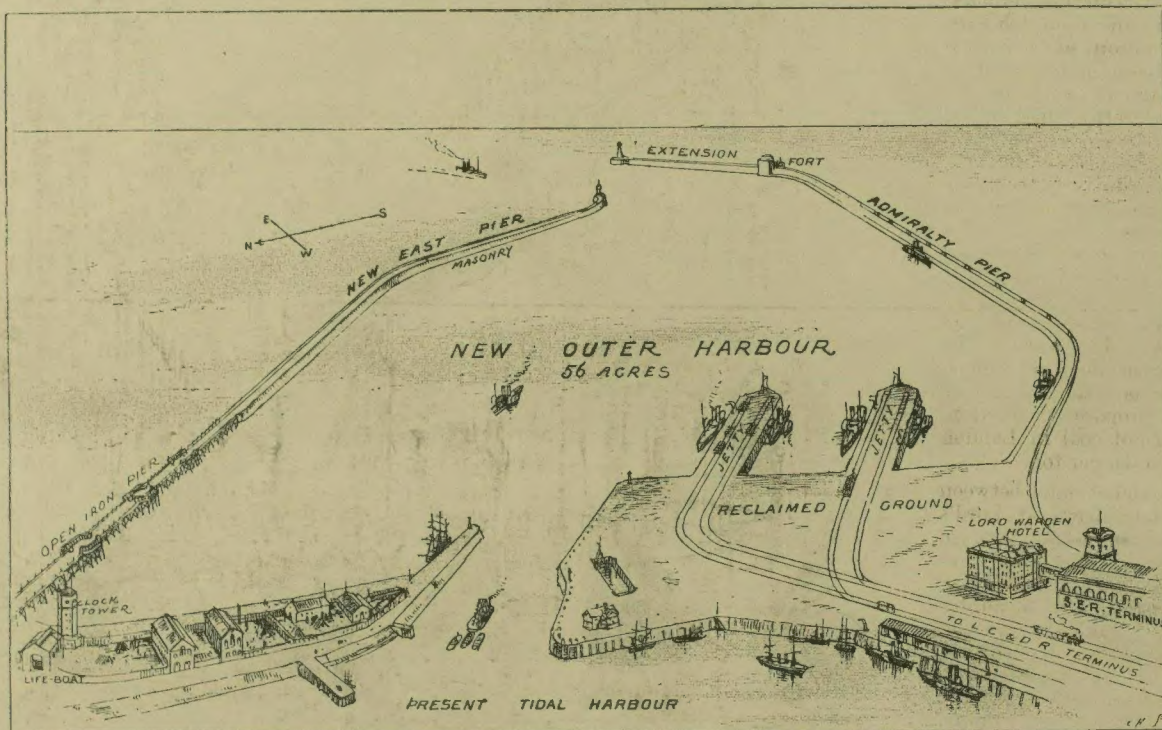
"That celebrated eminence," as Disraeli called St. James's Street in "Endymion," is beginning to have terrors for illustrious personages. Last year Lord Salisbury's brougham was overturned at the corner of King Street, and the leader of the Tory party had a very narrow escape from serious injury. On the same spot a hansom, containing no less a person than the Prince of Wales, came into sharp collision with another vehicle, fortunately without any untoward result. A few more accidents of this kind and it will be found necessary to prohibit driving in St. James's Street except at a walking pace. The Prince was in his own hansom, an equipage which he lent to Prince George and Princess May before the wedding for agreeable little excursions *tête-à-tête*. Apparently the driver imagined that the four-wheeler emerging from King Street would have an instinct that royalty was approaching, and would get out of the way. But when was a "growler" known to display any tact?

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. Lawrence, of Dublin, for the portrait of the late Professor Nettleship; to Messrs. Werner and Son, of Dublin, for that of Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith; and to Mr. J. Moll, of Chatham, for that of the late Mr. Frederick Harding.

## THE NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT DOVER.

The scheme of the Dover Harbour Board, for the accommodation of commercial shipping east of the Admiralty Pier, is being carried into execution by Messrs. Coode, Son, and Matthews, engineers, successors to the late Sir John Coode, by whom the works were designed. There will be a new pier, starting from an open iron viaduct, 1260 ft. long, forming an agreeable marine promenade, which will be approached from the esplanade near the Granville



NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT DOVER.

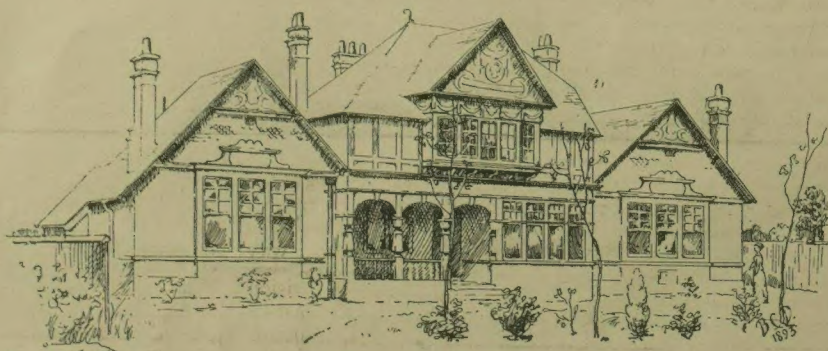
Mediterranean Squadron in October last year, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Captain Bourke in May. Another portrait given this week is that of one of the survivors—namely, Staff-Commander T. Hawkins-Smith, who has held that rank since January 1884, and has served in the Navy about thirty years.

With Dr. Lushington may be said to have passed away the typical professor of our time. From 1838 to 1870 Edward Lushington held the chair of Greek in the University of Glasgow, a post to which he was elected in preference to Robert Lowe, and after the refusal of Tait, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, to compete. During the long period of his stay at Glasgow, Dr. Lushington won the admiration and esteem of more than one generation of students, and even the most boisterous spirits submitted to a discipline maintained chiefly by a light irony to which Scotchmen are susceptible in spite of their supposed incapacity to joke without difficulty. The Greek professor was an intimate friend of Tennyson, one of whose sisters he married, and whom he prompted to more than one graceful flight of verse. There are, for instance, the charming lines "To E. L. on his Travels in Greece." It is not every professor

Clock-tower. This involves the removal and rebuilding of the clock-tower. The solid pier, at the end of the iron viaduct, will be of concrete blocks faced with granite, equal in height to the Admiralty Pier, and 1500 ft. in length; its direction at first will be south-easterly, but its outer portion will curve to the south-south-west, approaching the end of the Admiralty Pier, to which an extension of 580 ft. will be added. This will leave an opening, 450 ft. wide, for the entrance to the harbour. The space of water thus enclosed will be fifty-six acres, after deducting the reclamation of five acres in front of the Lord Warden Hotel, with the construction there of two jetties, each 400 ft. long and 100 ft. wide, and of landing-stages for steam-boat passengers at low tide, at a covered station of the London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern Railways. Behind all this, towards the town, the existing tidal harbour, the Granville Dock, and the Wellington Dock will remain, for the present, as they are. The depth of water, at low water of spring tides, in the outer part of the new harbour will be from 18 ft. to 25 ft., but at the entrance, 36 ft. to 40 ft.; at the steam-boat jetties, 15 ft. Mr. John Jackson has taken, for £414,000, the contract for the east pier, iron viaduct, and approaches.

## THE WILLESDEN COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

On Tuesday, July 18, Miss Balfour, accompanied by her brother, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., opened the New Cottage Hospital, erected in Harlesden Lane, Willesden, at a cost of £2000, by Mr. Passmore Edwards, and endowed by subscriptions in the neighbourhood. The new hospital, constructed of red brick, looks towards Harrow-on-the-Hill. It contains two wards, well ventilated, each having accommodation for four patients, with a paying ward. There is accommodation for the nurse-matron, who is assisted by another trained nurse. The building is plainly but comfortably furnished, and perfectly arranged. The opening ceremony took place in a large marquee erected in the grounds facing the main entrance to the building. Mr. Balfour, with his sister, was received by Sir Bradford Leslie (chairman of the trustees) and the committee, Dr. Brookfield, and Mr. Irwin Cox.



THE WILLESDEN COTTAGE HOSPITAL: OPENED BY MISS BALFOUR AND HER BROTHER, THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen remained at Windsor Castle till Thursday, July 20, after which she went to Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. The Queen received the Indian Princes on July 13. A Court was held at the Castle on July 14, when her Majesty received deputations from the Corporation of the City of London, headed by Sir Stuart Knill, the Lord Mayor, the Corporation of Edinburgh, and the Presbyterian Dissenting Ministers of London, presenting addresses of congratulation on the marriage of the Duke of York. Upon this occasion, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Renals and Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wilkin were knighted; a baronetcy had been conferred on the Lord Mayor.

On July 15 the Queen and the royal family, with a large company invited to the Castle, witnessed a performance in the Waterloo Chamber of the second act of Mascagni's opera "L'Amico Fritz," which was followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana," the performers being the Royal Opera Company from the Opera House, Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris.

The King and Queen of Denmark, who visited her Majesty at Windsor on July 12, have remained at Marlborough House as guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Tuesday, July 18, they went with the Princess of Wales to Sandringham. They had one day before gone to Farnborough to visit the Empress Eugénie, with whom they lunched.

The Prince of Wales was at Newmarket on July 12, and opened the new institute, reading-room, and library for the benefit of the men and boys employed in the training stables there.

The conference of the Miners' Confederation of Great Britain, convened to consider the demand of the Associated Coalowners for a twenty-five per cent. reduction in wages, was opened on July 19. The Northumberland and Durham miners, although now connected with the federation, have decided not to strike in the event of a stoppage of work in the other federation districts, as the masters in the two counties have made no proposal to reduce wages. Excluding the Northumberland and Durham men, about 190,000 miners will be affected by the proposed reduction, and, if a strike be resolved on, will cease work on July 28. In most of the districts the men are almost unanimous in their resistance to the proposed reduction. The price of coal in London has risen 3s. per ton.

The cricket match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's ended on Saturday, July 15, in an easy victory for Eton with nine wickets to fall. At Bristol the encounter between Lancashire and Gloucestershire ended in favour of the former, who were victorious by 175 runs. In the match at Lords, begun on Monday, July 17, the Australian team finished their first innings for 269, and England, having made 334 in the first innings, further made in their second 113 for the loss of one wicket.

In the Reichstag of the German Empire at Berlin, on July 15, the Emperor's Government got its Army Bill read a third time by 201 to 185 votes. The supplementary military estimates were subsequently passed without discussion, and then Count von Caprivi read an Imperial message closing the session, and expressed the thanks of the Emperor and of the Federal Governments for the patriotic action of the Reichstag.

The French Government has resolved on sending an ultimatum to Siam, which, it is believed, demands the retrocession of Battambang and Angkor to Cambodia, an indemnity for the Khong victims, the immediate appointment of a frontier commission, and the cession of the left bank of the Mekong from the Chinese frontier to the Kratieh. The ultimatum is to be accepted within twenty-four hours.

Reports from Constantinople affirm that the disposition of the Sultan and his Government is to check the ardour of the Khedive, and though renewed inquiries may be made in London as to the probable date of the British evacuation of Egypt, they will not be prosecuted in a manner to disturb the good relations between Great Britain and Turkey.

General Hatch has left Zanzibar with troops for Witu, in order to take over that province on its contemplated evacuation by the British East Africa Company.

The formal points reserved by the British representatives at the close of the recent Sanitary Conference at Dresden have now been satisfactorily settled. The adhesion of Great Britain to the Convention is announced at Berlin.

In Brazil there are various reports as to the new insurrectionary movement which has broken out in the province of Rio Grande do Sul. It appears that the

insurgent flotilla, under Admiral Wandenkolk, is likely to be attacked by the national fleet, but that a considerable force of insurgents is threatening the town of Rio Grande, and may capture the place and relieve Wandenkolk.

A steamer bringing 800 emigrants from Bremen, mostly Russian Jews, had been admitted into New York harbour by the health officers, but nearly the whole of the passengers have been declared paupers and not allowed to land. The authorities have obliged the consignees to deposit a large sum as security for fines and expenses. The heat at Chicago has been intense, and some persons died from the effects of it.

Herr Dörpfeld, the Director of the German Archaeological Institute at Athens, has just returned from Hissarlik, where he has continued the excavations at the expense of Madame Schliemann. He believes that he has discovered the remains of the actual Troy of Homer, not, however, in the second stratum, as he was at first of opinion, but in the sixth. The researches will be continued up to next April at the expense of the German Government.

American papers relate an encounter, in the Bering Sea, between the sealing steamer Alexandra and the United States cruiser Mohican, which was on patrol duty in the sealing waters. The Alexandra left San Francisco flying the Hawaiian flag, but she carried a crew of nearly one hundred men, well armed, under the command of Alexander McLean. On June 24 the Alexandra was found poaching; she refused to lie to, and the Mohican then fired two blank



THE GREAT FIRE IN ST. MARY AXE.

shots. The Alexandra put on all steam, and returned the fire with a six-pound shell, which struck the Mohican amidships and completely disabled her machinery. This story is discredited in official circles.

## GREAT FIRE IN THE CITY.

At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, July 18, a fire broke out in St. Mary Axe on the premises of Messrs. W. Brown and Co., wholesale stationers, which raged nearly four hours, spreading north-east to Bevis Marks, and to Bury Street and Bury Court on the east and south sides, destroying, wholly or partially, the whole block of warehouses, nearly fifty separate tenements, including twenty-eight large buildings, within that crowded area.

The warehouses in this quarter, many of them recently built, were mostly four or five storeys high. Those in Bevis Marks were occupied by wine merchants, importers of foreign toys, traders in beads, Chinese agents, wholesale stationers, tea merchants, and outfitters. In St. Mary Axe were wholesale stationers, cigar importers, tea dealers, clothiers, druggists, chromo-lithographic printers, wholesale druggists, and a large vegetarian hotel stood at the corner of Bevis Marks, in St. Mary Axe. In Bury Court there were provision merchants, tea merchants, dealers in indiarubber goods, book-edge marblers, working jewellers, brass cornice manufacturers, East India merchants, and agents for houses in the Potteries. Bury Street, reached by a covered way from Bury Court, was occupied by printers, packing-case makers, wholesale stationers, glass importers, provision merchants, watchmakers, clothiers, and varnish manufacturers. Forty powerful steam fire-engines, with manuals and hydrants, and 213 firemen, worked from three o'clock till six, but little was saved. There was no loss of life.

## MUSIC.

The end of the opera season is at hand, but, strangely enough, some of its heaviest work still remains to be done. In the days of Frederick Gye it was not by any means an uncommon circumstance for the production of novelties to be relegated to the closing nights of the season. This, however, has not been the practice of recent years, and if Sir Augustus Harris for once finds himself in the inconvenient position of having to bring out two or three promised new works in course of about as many days, it may be taken for granted that there is some special cause for the circumstance. It may be that this most energetic of impresarios undertook to do too much. He started well by bringing out "Pagliacci" during his opening week and adding "Djamileh" to the repertory within a month. But then the production of "I Rantzau" was delayed, first by the postponement for several days of Signor Mascagni's coming, and afterwards by the State performance. It would be easy of course, to defer the introduction of the new operas, even one or two of them, until another year; but Sir Augustus Harris is jealous of his reputation for keeping promises, and he would doubtless rather "move heaven and earth" than leave one unfulfilled. He has to give his subscribers two extra nights, and these will help him to get through. Meanwhile, an extraordinary managerial feat was accomplished on Saturday, July 15, when three complete operatic representations were simultaneously given in three different places. At Covent Garden "Faust" was given, with MM. Jean

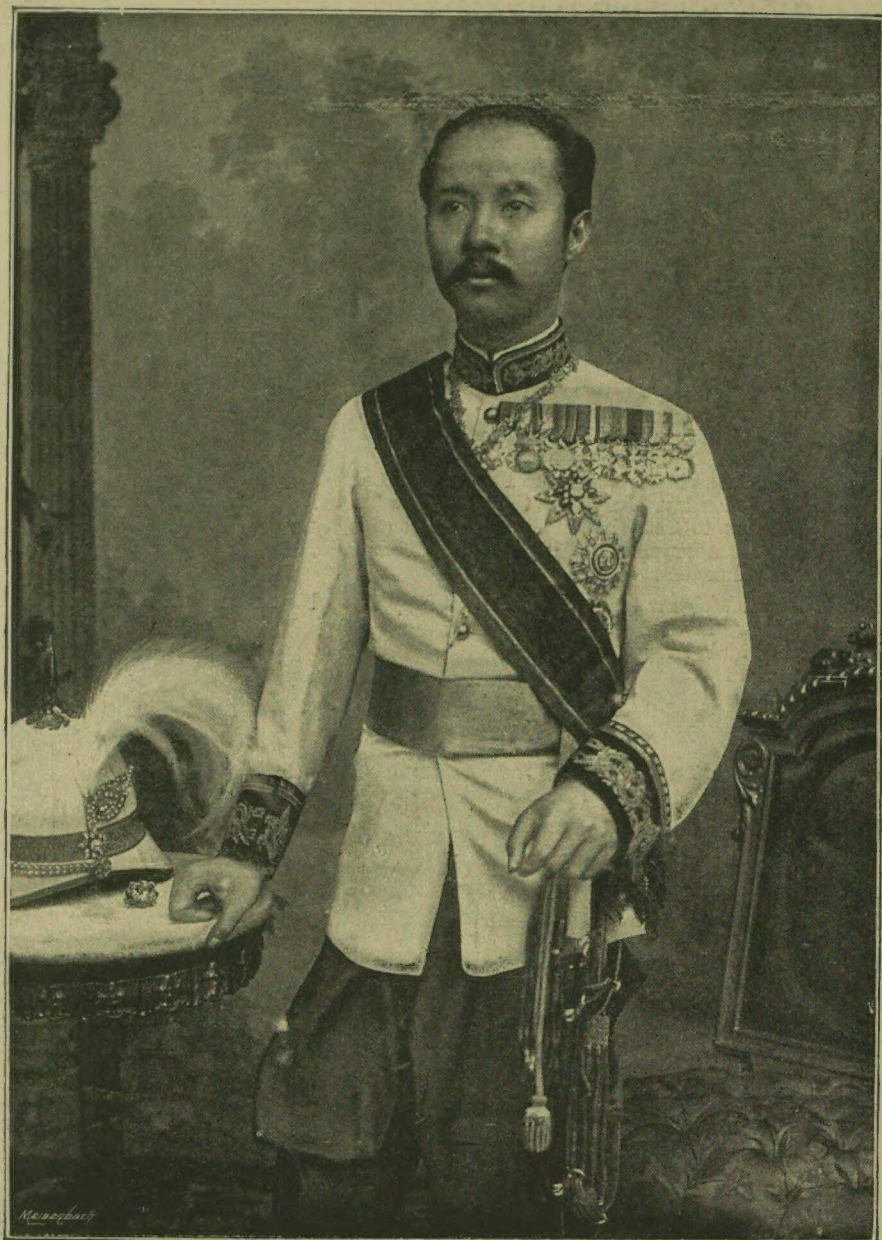
and Edouard de Reszke, M. Lassalle, and Madame Nordica in the principal parts. At Drury Lane, "Die Walküre" was repeated with the same cast as had appeared at the other house the previous week. Last but not least there was the performance given by command before the Queen and royal family at Windsor Castle, which required even more elaborate and painstaking preparation than those already mentioned. Signor Mascagni was, of course, the hero of the Windsor function. He conducted in person the second act of his "L'Amico Fritz," together with "Cavalleria Rusticana," and, thanks to such interpreters (in both operas) as Madame Calvé, Signor Vignas, and Signor Ancona, and the pick of the Covent Garden band and chorus, the representation called forth the warmest expressions of approval alike from her Majesty and all the distinguished guests invited for the occasion. Two new and very charming scenes were expressly painted by that clever artist Mr. W. Caney; while the arrangement of the Waterloo Chamber was exactly the same as when "Carmen" was given a year ago, so that nothing was wanting to render the success of the affair perfect. The gifted young composer had the honour of being received by the Queen before as well as after the performance, and enjoyed the gratification of hearing her Majesty express a sincere and deep admiration for his music.

Opera-goers will look back upon the performance of "Die Meistersinger" as the most enjoyable of the so-called Wagner Cycle. Signor Mancinelli and the regular orchestra were naturally on their mettle, knowing that comparisons were sure to be made with the results achieved by the Mayence conductor, Herr Steinbach, and the supplementary band in "Die Walküre" a week before. Hence, perhaps, the smoothness and refinement which so astonished those who happen to be aware that the Nuremberg opera had only had a single rehearsal. Strange that not a growl was heard this time concerning the use of the Italian instead of the German text. Evidently the "faithful" were quite content to put up with a heretic tongue when it enabled them to hear such a Walther as M. Jean de Reszke, such a Hans Sachs as M. Lassalle, and the other members of the Covent Garden cast who are accustomed to sing this music to Signor Mazzucato's excellent translation. Fortunately, moreover, the great tenor was in splendid voice, and has never sung the trial and prize songs with a greater degree of beauty and charm; while M. Lassalle has certainly never imparted to the monologues of the poet-cobbler an equal measure of significance and intellectuality. An Eva more youthful in appearance than Madame Albani might be desired, but scarcely a more artistic exponent of the music—when it does not lie too low for her, as for instance in the duet of the second act. We liked Mr. Hedmond's David, and there was much of genuine merit in the strongly drawn Beckmesser of Mr. David Bispham, whose slight tendency to exaggerate will doubtless disappear when he attacks the character under conditions less calculated to render a young artist nervous. With a good word for Mdlle. Bauermeister's Magdalena, and another for the capital work done by the chorus in the last act, we dismiss this performance of "Die Meistersinger" as one of the most interesting and, all things considered, most remarkable of the season.





THE QUEEN OF SIAM.



CHULALONGKORN I., KING OF SIAM.

### THE FRENCH DISPUTE WITH SIAM.

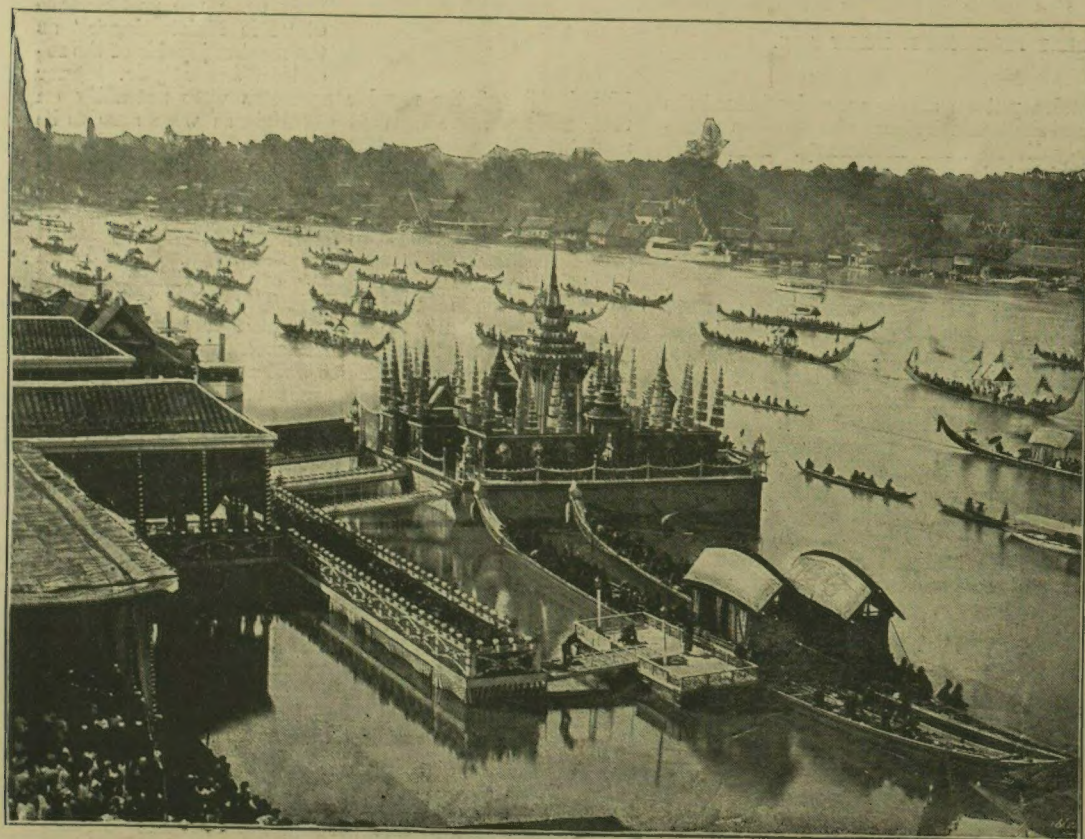
Much alarm and anxiety have been provoked by the French naval demonstration at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, on July 13, when two gun-boats, the *Inconstant* and the *Comète*, accompanying the mail-boat, the *Jean Baptiste Say*, by order of Admiral Humann, from Saigon, Cochinchina, forced their passage up the Menam River, and engaged in fighting with the Siamese troops and forts at Paknam. The mail-boat was pillaged and sunk by the Siamese. Next day the commander of the French posts in the island of Khong, Captain Villers, attacked the forts of Don-Thane and Tap-Hum, on the left bank of the river, and captured them after a fight in which many Siamese were killed or wounded. It appears that the French Government claims some compensation for the capture of a French officer and the alleged murder of another, as well as for losses suffered by French travellers and traders on the frontier between Annam and Siam;

there is also a dispute about the territorial limits of the two Governments on that frontier, in the valley of the Mekong. The dominions of French Indo-China, to the east of Siam, include Annam, Tonquin, Cochinchina, and Cambodia; but Annam and Cambodia, retaining their native kings, are styled French Protectorates, while Tonquin and Cochinchina are under direct French administration.

Siam is an independent kingdom or empire, the reigning sovereign of which, King Chulalongkorn I. (entitled Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha), is forty years of age; he succeeded his father, King Maha Mongkut, in 1868. His Majesty has two queens, and by the first or chief wife has two sons and two daughters; the eldest, Chwfa Maha-Vajirunhis, Crown Prince, heir to the throne, was born in 1878. The King has two brothers, one of whom lately visited England, besides many half-brothers. He

rules in concert with a Council of Ministers, called the Senabodi, who manage the several departments of government, and with a larger Council of State, including six royal Princes. Siam has a population of six millions.

The city of Bangkok, eighty miles up the winding river, but only sixteen miles in a direct line from the sea, has a population of nearly half a million. Its wooden houses are, in great part, built on piles or on floating rafts, and there are more canals than streets, more barges than carts or carriages and horses. The Royal Palace and temples occupy a walled enclosure on the east bank of the river.

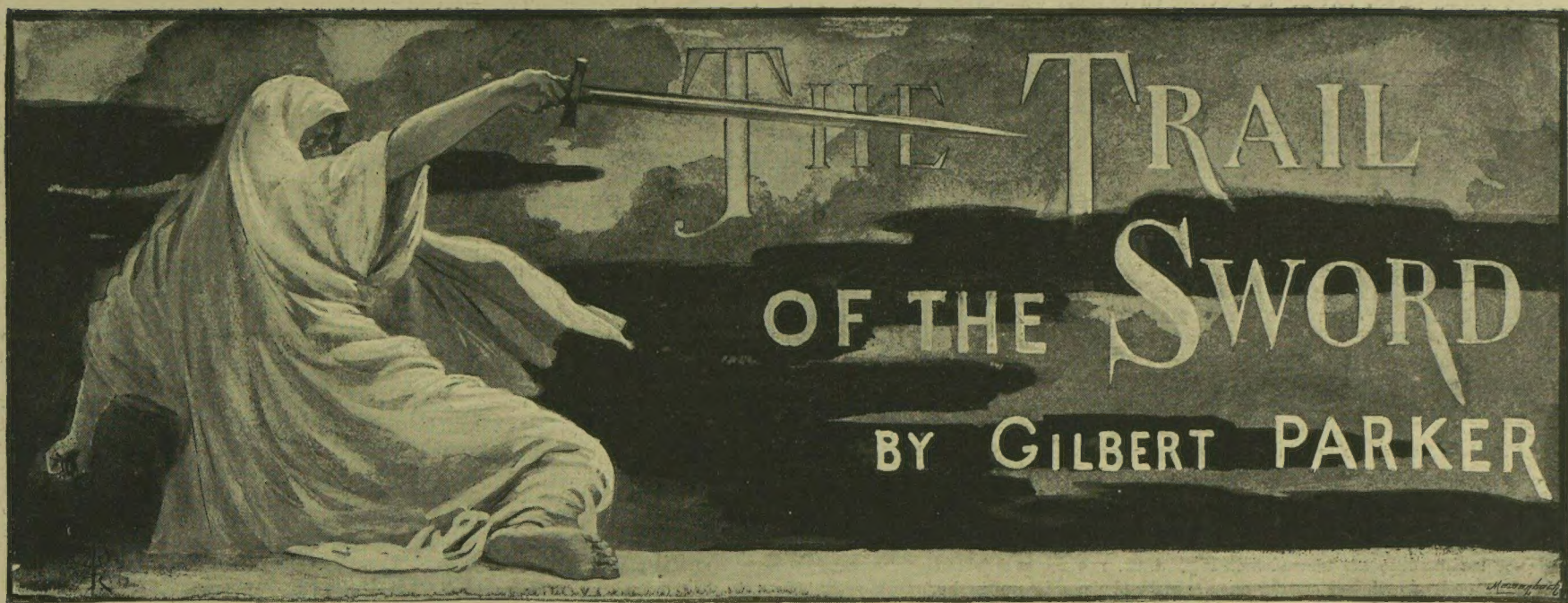


THE KING'S LANDING-PLACE, MENAM RIVER.



THE KING'S PALACE AT BANGKOK.





## CHAPTER V.

## THE FRUITS OF THE LAW.

Bucklaw had convinced the Governor and his friends that in the Spaniards' country there was great treasure to be had. He was told that he might come and see the Governor the following morning. He asked if he might not come in the late afternoon instead, because, having for sale cargo that he had brought from the Indies, some merchants were to visit his vessel in the morning. Here he plunged again into fiction, for he had no cargo save rum, of which he had already disposed. But the rascal was playing a deep game. He was anxious to learn the Governor's plans for the afternoon and evening of the following day, and, by proposing to come

in the afternoon, he would probably discover them. He did not reckon foolishly.

The Governor gave Bucklaw to understand that the next day there was to be feasting; first, because it was the birthday of the Duke of York; secondly, because it was the anniversary of the capture of the colony from the Dutch; and, finally, because several Indian chiefs were to arrive from Albany to see New York and its Governor for the first time. The official celebrations were to begin in the afternoon and to last till sundown; therefore, during that time the Governor would be occupied.

But Bucklaw said with much apparent candour that he had to get away with his ship to Boston within thirty-six hours to fulfil an engagement he had with merchants

of Boston, for whom he had some special cargo. If his Excellency, he said, would come out to his ship the next evening after the celebrations were finished, he would be proud to show his rackets little craft to him; and it could then be judged if, with certain improvements and armaments, she could by any means be utilised for the expedition. To this the Governor consented, and asked the officers if they would accompany him; which they were exceedingly glad to promise. Bucklaw's good-nature and politeness increased at this, and he waved his hook-hand up and down in boyish satisfaction.

It was then arranged that Bucklaw should be at a quiet point in the shore at a certain hour of the evening to convey the Governor and his friends to the Nell Gwynne. Bucklaw was then bade to go to the dining-room and refresh himself.



One swift glance at Iberville, then he slung his musket shoulderwards, and fired at the retreating figure.



He obeyed with cheerfulness, and was taken in charge by Morris, who, having passed Iberville and Gering on to the drawing-room, was again at his post, taciturn and austere.

The Governor and his friends did not return to the dining-room, but proceeded from his library to the drawing-room. Morris and Bucklaw were alone. Wine was set before the sailor, and he drank off a glass, saying, as he lifted it, his eye lifting humorously towards Morris: "No worse fate for a sinner, none better for a saint!"

Morris's temper was not amiable at the moment. He did not like the rascal. "Why," said he, "but many a sinner has wished the same and tramped from the pillory to the cross-tree whiles."

Bucklaw laughed up at him—a laugh with a sort of devilishness, triumph, and insolence, and his jocund eye had, as the lids dropped over them, a hard, murderous glitter. But that changed almost on the instant as he answered: "A good thrust, mighty Scot, and I take it as from one sinner to another. But for my injured feelings, what say you to a pasty, a strip of beef from where the juice runs, and maybe, the young side of a fowl?"

Morris left the room, to order what his unwelcome guest required. Immediately that he did so, Bucklaw got to his feet and looked round sharply. His eye ran to every window and door, and along the ceiling and wall. At that moment there was a sudden click in the wall in front of him. It was the door leading into the unused hall-way, which, not having been properly closed, had sprung open. Instantly he caught up a candle, ran over, and entered the hall-way. He gave a grunt of satisfaction. He hastily drew back the bolts of the outer door, so that any one might enter from the garden, and then stepping back swiftly to the dining-room, closed the panel tightly behind him. He noticed with delight that it had no spring-lock, and that it could be opened from the hall-way. He came back quickly to the table, put down the candle, took his seat, and, stroking his chin with his hand, chuckled to himself.

When Morris came back he was holding his wine with one hand, while he hummed a snatch of song, and drummed lightly on the table. Immediately after came a servant, carrying food on a tray, and the Scotsman was soon astonished, not only at the buxomness of Bucklaw's appetite, but at the deftness with which he carved and handled things with—as he called it himself—his "tiger" (the hook-hand). Morris was taciturn, so Bucklaw talked and ate, and sat so long that Jessica, as she passed into the corridor and up the stairs to her room, exhausted by the events of the day, heard him singing, and it so worked upon her that she put her hands to her ears, hurried to her room, and threw herself upon the bed in a distress for which she could give no real cause.

Before the Governor and his guests parted for the night, Iberville, as he made his adieux to Gering, said in a low voice, "The same place, if you will, to-morrow night, at the same time, and on the same conditions."

"The same: I shall be happy," said Gering, and they bowed with great formality.

The Governor had chanced to hear a word or two, and, thinking it was some game of which they spoke, said: "Piquet or a game of wits, gentlemen?"

"Neither, your Excellency: a game called fox-and-geese."

"Ah! A French game, Monsieur Iberville?"

"The game is with the Frenchman."

The Governor laughed. "That is with the fox, I suppose?"

"When the fox doesn't get into the kennel of the hound by mistake," suggested Gering, softly.

"Good!" said Iberville, under his breath. "The Puritan is waking."

The Governor was in ripe humour. "But it is a game of wits, then, after all; and, upon my soul, you fence like a pair of veterans!"

"Merely for a pass or two," said Iberville, drily. "We cannot keep it up."

At this moment, in a boat being swiftly rowed from the shore of the island towards a craft which carried "Nell Gwynne" beneath a curious antique figure-head, sat two men conversing together in low, gloating tones.

"See, my bully, how I have the matter all plain into my hands! Ha! Received by the Governor and his friends: they all go mad for gold and silver, which, my dear Radisson, is not for them, but for you and me, and for a greater man than Colonel Richard Nicholls. Ha! I know the man who shall lead the hunt and find the gold—the only man in that cursed Boston whose heart I would not eat raw and unseasoned! And that man—his name? No—no. That is to wait. I will make him great!"

Again he chuckled.

"Over in London they shall take him to their bosoms. Over in the Court the roystering King shall drop a sword upon his shoulder,—treasure trove is a fine reason for the touch of a King's sword—and his Majesty shall say: 'Rise, Sir William—' It is not time for the name, but the name is not Richard Nicholls—it is not Hogarth Leveret."

He laughed like a boy. "I have you, Hogarth Leveret, in my hand, and by the holy Heaven! I will squeeze you till there is a drop of heart's blood on every pore of your body."

Now and again, as he spoke, Radisson's eyes gave him sidelong glances, and a sardonic smile waited at his lips. When Bucklaw had finished he said: "Bien! you are merry. So. I shall be merry too, for I have scores to wipe away, and they shall be wiped clean—clean."

"You are with me, then, in all?" questioned Bucklaw; "even—even as to the girl, eh?"

"Even as to the girl," was the reply, with a brutal oath.

"That is good! that is good! But be cheerful, pretty Radisson. I have waited twelve years—twelve years!"

"You have not told me," rejoined the Frenchman; "speak now."

"There is not much to tell, but you shall be told; since

we are to be partners once and for all. You see: He was a weak-livered captain. There was gold on board. We mutinied, and put him and four others in a boat, with provisions in plenty. Then we sailed for Boston. We did not think that ever the captain and his miserable crew would reach the land; but by some devil's luck, in the very hour that we got into the harbour, they drifted in. We did not know. We were captured and condemned. First, I was put in the stocks, hands and feet, till I was fit for the pillory. From the pillory to the wooden horse."

Then he laughed, and the laugh was so soft and woman-like that you could not have guessed what lay behind it.

"Then came the whipping-post, when I was made pulp from my neck to my loins. After that I was to hang. I was the only one they had treated so; the rest were to hang merely. I did not hang: I escaped. For years I was prisoner of the Spaniards. Years more—in all, twelve—and then I came back with the chart of a place of treasure trove for one matter, with this thing to do for another. Who was it gave me the long travel from the stocks to the foot of the gallows? It was Hogarth Leveret, who deals out law in Massachusetts by the grace of God. It was my will to capture him, and take him away on a journey—such a journey as he would go but once. Ha! he was gone; but there was something better—his child.

"See: I can remember when I was in the pillory a maid one day brought the child to the foot of the platform, lifted it up in her arms, and said to it, 'Your father put that villain there.' The child stared at me hard, and I put a look in my eyes that made her cry out in fright—the sweet innocent!—and then the maid took her away. When she saw my face to-night—to-day—it sent her wild: but she did not remember!"

He rubbed his chin with delight, and drummed his knee.

"Ha! I cannot have the father—I will have the child, and great will be the ransom! Great will be the ransom, my Frenchman!" And once more he tapped Radisson with the tiger.

In a room of the Governor's house a girl was lying in a troubled sleep. Suddenly, she waked with a little cry, and set up trembling. Her breath came thick and fast.

"Oh, I remember him now," she said: "I remember!"

She was recalling the scene at the pillory.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Next evening came. The feasting had reached its apogee, and declined. The Puritan had stretched his austerity to the point of levity; the Dutchman had stolidly sweated his satisfaction and obedience; the Cavalier had paced it with a pretty air of patronage and good comradeship and a gay eye for matron and maid; the Indian, come from his northern and north-western hunting grounds, had bivouacked in the presence of the Governor, as the pipe of peace travelled.

About twilight, the Governor had returned to his house, leaving the Indians and the citizens preparing for another campaign of enjoyment at night. Engaged though the Governor had been with ceremonial, his mind had run chiefly with treasure trove. Therefore, when the dusk was growing into night—the hour when he was to visit the Nell Gwynne with his two military friends and Councillor Drayton—he started by a roundabout for the point in the shore where he expected to find Bucklaw.

When they reached it Bucklaw was not there, and the lights of the ship were gone. She had changed her position since afternoon.

From the shadows of some trees Bucklaw had seen the Governor leave the house for the rendezvous. With him was Radisson. He turned to the Frenchman.

"It's a bold scheme," he said, "and it may fail, yet 'twill go hard but we will save our own skins. No pluck no pence. Once again, here is the scheme. I'll go in by the side door I unlocked last night, hide for a few minutes in the hall-way, then enter the house quietly or boldly, as the case may be. Plan One—A message from his Excellency to Miss Leveret to say he wishes her to join him at the shore, to go out to the Nell Gwynne, bringing her maid with her. Once she is outside it is all right. She cannot escape us. We have our cloaks—the Spanish drug for both. Plan Two—Capture her boldly in the house. Out by this hall-door—through the grounds—to the shore—the boat in waiting—over to the Nell Gwynne—and, in a trice, away! Both risky, as you see, but the rougher the rind the sweeter the nut! You are sure her bed-room is above that hall-way? and that there's a side staircase to it?"

"I am very well sure. I know the house up and down."

There was further talk, in which Bucklaw gave Radisson instructions as to contingencies, and then, looking to his arms, he was about to start, when they heard footsteps, and there appeared two figures. It was Iberville and Gering. They paused for a moment not far from where Bucklaw and Radisson were hid.

"I think you will agree," said Iberville, "that we must fight."

"I have no other mind."

"You will also be glad if we are not again interrupted; though, confess, the lady gave you a lease of life."

"I trust the lady will not come till I have finished with you," answered Gering.

Iberville laughed a little, and the laugh had fire, hatred, and the delight of battle. "Shall it be here, or yonder in the pines?"

"Yonder."

"So." As they passed on, Iberville hummed ironically a song—

"Oh! bury me where I have fought and bled,  
Your scarf across my shoulder, lady mine!"

Bucklaw turned upon his companion. "The game is in our hands," he said. "I understand this thing. That's a

pair of gallant young sprigs. But the choice is your Frenchman, Radisson."

"Peste! I'll pick holes in his breast-bone if the other doesn't!"

A laugh trickled from Bucklaw's lips. "That's neither here nor there. Curse the lovely boy! I'd like to have him in the Spaniards' country. . . . And now, here's my plan all changed by this. I'll have my young lady out to stop the duel,—easier and safer—and for that she'll come alone. Once outside, she is ours, and they may cut their throats if they will!"

After a few more words, Bucklaw started away. He crossed the yard, tried the door, and finding it unlocked as he had left it, he entered. He groped his way to the door that opened to the dining-room. He listened. There was no sound. He was about to go in, when he heard someone enter the room. He listened again. Whoever it was had evidently sat down. Very carefully he felt for the spring and opened the door slightly.

Jessica was seated at the table, with paper and an ink-horn before her. She had begun to write. She stopped—the pen was bad. She got up and went to her room for another.

Instantly Bucklaw laid his plan. As she disappeared, he swiftly entered, went to the table, and looked at the paper she had used. It had only the words "Dear Friend—"

Bucklaw caught up the quill and wrote hurriedly on the piece of paper, beneath the words "Dear Friend"—

"If you'd see two gentlemen fighting, go now where you stopped them last night. The wrong one may be killed unless"—

With a quick flash of malice, almost devilish, he drew, in half-a-dozen lightning-like strokes, a sketch of his hook-hand as signature. Then he turned, hurriedly passed into the little hall, and outside, posting himself beside a lilac-bush. It was a singular light on the man's character that he sniffed at a bunch of flowers.

When Jessica entered the room again, she came to the table. Before she sat down, she looked up to the mantel to the swords which had done duty the night before. She sighed, and a tear glistened on her eyelashes. She brushed it away with her dainty finger-tips, and sat down. She saw the paper. She turned pale, caught it up, read it with a little cry, and, shuddering, dropped it. She looked round the room. Everything was as she had left it. She was dazed. She stared at the paper again, then ran to the door through which Bucklaw had passed, and opened it. She saw the outer door ajar. With a soft gasping moan she ran through it into the garden. She passed the lilac-bush swiftly, and ran on towards the trees. Bucklaw let her do so, because, in that way, she would get a distance from the house. But hidden by the bushes, he was running parallel with her. On the other side of her was Radisson, also running. She presently heard Radisson, and swerved—poor child—into the gin of the fowler!

But as the cloak was thrown over her head she gave a cry. The first where Iberville and Gering had picked out their swords to fight, were not far away, and both were startled. Gering, who knew the voice best, cried, "It is Jessica!"

Without a word Iberville sprang away towards the open space, and came into it ahead of Gering. They saw the figures of the kidnappers. They ran hard. Iberville was the first to understand. "Mother of God!" he cried, "they are carrying her off!"

"Help! help!" called Gering, and they pushed on. The two ruffians were running hard, but the youths were nimble, and gained on them, especially as Bucklaw was weighted with the now insensible girl. She lay in his arms a dead weight. Both the ruffians were masked. Presently they swerved, and, plunging into the bushes, disappeared. The youths passed through the bushes also, but could neither see nor hear the kidnappers. Gering was wild with excitement, and lost his presence of mind.

"Mon Dieu, have quiet!" urged Iberville impatiently, forgetting English in his excitement, and adding some French words of reprobation. Meanwhile, he was beating about for a clue. He guessed that he was dealing with an experienced woodsman, and that the kidnapper, whoever he was, knew some secret way out of the garden. It was so. The former Dutch Governor had begun to build an old-fashioned wall about the garden, and in one spot was a narrow gateway, so fitted into the wall that it seemed a part of it. Through this the two had vanished.

For a moment Iberville was almost in despair. "Go back," he said to Gering, "and rouse the town. I will get on the trail again if I can."

Gering started away. In this strange, exciting peril their own foolish quarrel was forgotten for the time, and the stranger took on himself to direct, command: he was, at least, no stranger to the wiles of desperate men.

All at once Iberville came upon the wall. Now he had his cue. He ran along it, and presently his fingers felt the little gate. In an instant he was through. He made towards the shore, feeling sure that the ruffians would take to the river. By some impossible instinct he guessed at Bucklaw's hand in the matter. Suddenly he saw something flash on the ground. He stooped and picked it up. It was a shoe with a silver buckle: Jessica Leveret's! He thrilled as he thrust it in his pocket and pushed on. He was on the trail now. He ran harder, and in a few moments came to the shore. He looked to where he had seen the Nell Gwynne in the morning: there was no light!

At that moment he heard the breaking of a twig, and then Bucklaw came bundling out of the trees upon the river bank, the girl in his arms. He had sent Radisson on ahead to warn his boatmen, and to go out to the ship and get her under way.

He saw Iberville as quickly as Iberville saw him. He knew that now the town would be roused, and that the Governor, no doubt aware of the trick played upon him, would be hot for revenge. But there was nothing to do



except fight the youngster. He did not fear the result. But time was important. He hastily swung the girl half behind him with his hook hand as Iberville came on, whipping out his sword—shorter than Iberville's—and meeting the thrust.

Instantly he saw that the athletic youth was a good swordsman. He let the girl slide to the ground, and suddenly closed with Iberville, running his sword with a swift and expert upper thrust, straight for a fatal spot. Iberville caught the drive of the steel, but not altogether, and the sword ran through the flesh of his side, under the arm. But, like a flash, he got in a sidelong return, and Bucklaw staggered back, only however to pull himself together, and make another lunge at Iberville. Iberville found the sword as it came, but again not entirely to escape. The steel ran into the upper part of his sword-arm. He was bleeding from the wound in his side, and although his sword-arm had been slightly stiff from the slash of Gering's sword the night before, he pulled himself together and stood on the defensive. Bucklaw seemed to debate for an instant whether the game was worth the candle. He knew that he would presently have a hornet's nest about his ears, for small communities rouse swiftly, and, if caught, the halter would be his portion.

Now the man dropped on his knee and felt Iberville's heart. "Alive!" he said. "Alive! Thank the good God! *Mon brave!* It is the same—the great father!—the great son!" As he drew forth his hand, it brushed against the slipper. He took it out, glanced at it, and suddenly turned towards the cloaked figure. He swiftly undid the cloak, and exposed Jessica's pale face.

He shook his head, and glanced at Iberville. "Always the same," he said; "always the same: for the king, for a friend, for a woman! Such is the *Le Moyne*!"

But as he spoke he was busy. With the native chivalry of the woodsman he cared for the girl first. Between her lips, he thrust his drinking-horn of brandy and water, and held her head against his shoulder, while he called to her. "My little *ma'm'selle!* little *ma'm'selle!* Wake up! It is nothing! You are safe! Ah, the sweet lady! Come, let me see your eyes! Wake up! It is nothing!"

Presently the girl opened her eyes. He put the drinking-horn again to her lips. She shuddered and took a sip; and then, invigorated, suddenly drew away from him. "There, there," he said, "it is all right. Now for my poor Iberville!"

He caught Iberville's head to his knee, and thrust the drinking-horn between his teeth, as he had done with the

the girl, "you will find it." Timidly she did as she was bid, drew forth the slipper, and put it on.

"You see," said Iberville, "a Frenchman can fight and hunt too—hunt the slipper."

Suddenly a look of pain passed across the girl's face.

"Mr. Gering? You—you did not kill him?" she asked.

"Oh, no, dear Madame," said Iberville drily, "you stopped the game again."

Presently he told her what had happened, and how Gering had gone to rouse the town. This relieved her. Then he insisted upon getting on his feet, that they might make their way to the Governor's house. Staunchly he struggled on, his weight upon Perrot, and presently leaning a hand also on the girl's shoulder—she had gently insisted on it. On the way, Perrot told how he chanced to be there. Shortly after Iberville had left his father and Perrot in the woods, a band of *coureurs de bois* had appeared, and as they were on their way to Quebec, had taken Iberville's father with them, while Perrot pushed on swiftly to New York. Strangely enough, he had arrived at the Governor's house at the very moment of the attempted kidnapping. He heard the cry, and made towards it with the true instinct of the woodsman. He had met Gering, and finding the gate in the wall



In a few moments the officers were with the Governor, and soon all four were eagerly engaged with the map on the table.—CHAPTER III

He was not certain now, accomplished ruffian as he was, that he could kill this young swordsman and carry off the girl also. Truth is, he did not care to take Iberville's life, for even such as he have their likes and dislikes, and he had fancied the young Cavalier from the first. But the hesitation was only for an instant.

What was this lad's life, compared with his revenge on Hogarth Leveret? He suddenly whipped a pistol from his belt, and fired. He knew that there was madness in this, for the shot would draw pursuit. He missed his victim, or, rather, the bullet grazed Iberville's temple, carrying away a bit of his hair. Iberville staggered forward, as if he were shot, so weak was he from loss of blood, and, with the deep instinct of protection, fell at the feet of the girl.

At that moment Bucklaw heard steps and the crackling of under-brush. He stooped down to pick up the girl. Just then a man burst from the trees. Bucklaw saw that it was too late. He half raised his knife, as if to plunge it into the figure of the girl, but that was only the mad rage of the instant. His revenge did not comprise so unheard-of a crime. He thought he had killed Iberville—that was enough! As the man emerged from the woods, he made away towards the spot where his comrades waited. Escape was his only cue. The newcomer ran swiftly forward, and saw the two bodies lying as if dead. One swift glance at Iberville, then he slung his musket shoulderwards, and fired at the retreating figure. It was a chance shot, for the light was not good, and already Bucklaw was indistinct.

girl, calling to him in much the same fashion. All at once Iberville came to with a start. He stared blindly at his rescuer. Then a glad intelligence flashed into his eyes. "Perrot! dear Nick Perrot!" he cried. "Oh, good—good!" Then, gazing round with anxiety—"But she! where is she?"

The girl herself, now recovered, answered him: "I am safe, Monsieur; but you—you are wounded!" She came over and dropped on her knees beside him.

"A little; only a little. . . . You cared for her first?" he added to Perrot.

Perrot chuckled. "The grand gentleman!" he said, under his breath. Then aloud: "The lady first, Monsieur."

"So!" answered Iberville. "And Bucklaw—the devil Bucklaw?"

"If you mean the rogue who gave you these," said Perrot, touching the wounds, which he had already begun to bind, "he has escaped. The light was not good for shooting."

The girl was about to tear her dress for cloth to bind Iberville's wounds, when Perrot said, "No, *pardon!* Not so. The cloak over there will do."

Jessica brought it over. As she did so Perrot glanced down at her feet and then, with a touch of humour, said: "*Pardon!* But you have lost your slipper, Madame."

"It must have dropped off," said Jessica, blushing, though her blush could not be seen. "But it does not matter."

Iberville blushed too, but a smile also flitted across his lips. "If you will put your hand into my waistcoat here," he said to

open, had almost followed in the footsteps of Bucklaw and Iberville.

Certain things did not occur. The Governor of New York did not at once engage in an expedition after gold and silver to the Spaniards' country: despite the fact that a brave pursuit was made, Bucklaw was not captured: Iberville and Gering did not make a third attempt to fight their duel—Perrot prevented that.

Iberville left, however, with a knowledge of three things: that he was the first Frenchman from Quebec who had become, or was likely to become, popular in New York; that Jessica Leveret had showed a tender gratitude towards him which set him dreaming gaily of the future; that Gering and he, in spite of apparent courtesy, were enemies, and must still be so. For Gering could not forget that Iberville had got all the glory, while he had been, as it were, the herald or town crier.

Their parting was characteristic. "We shall meet again, Monsieur," said Iberville—"at least, I hope so."

"I shall be glad," answered Gering, mechanically.

"But 'tis likely I will come to you before you visit me," added Iberville, meaningly.

Gering's brain did not work with perfect swiftness, for Jessica Leveret was standing not far away. He did not reply instantly. In the pause Iberville said: "*Au revoir! A la bonne heure!*" and walked away. Presently he turned with a little ironical laugh, and waved his hand at Gering.

That laugh and that hand-wave rankled in Gering's breast for many a day.





HOSPITAL SATURDAY.





"THE SHRINE."—MRS. M. D. WEBB ROBINSON.



"APPLAUSE."—E. ONSLOW FORD, A.R.A.  
BRONZE STATUE.



"RURAL ENGLAND."—J. E. HODGSON, R.A.

PICTURES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

*Copyright Strictly Reserved.*



## RED INDIANS AS MAGICIANS.

BY STUART CUMBERLAND.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in his article on "Red Indian Magic," in *The Illustrated London News*, has called attention to a matter in connection with the Red Indians to which, previously, the general public, I take it, had scarcely given a single thought. We all know that the Red Indians are good riders, good fighters, and good hunters, but it never enters our heads to look to them for the production of so-called occult phenomena. We have always been content to imagine that the more civilised inhabitants of Hindustan had the monopoly of this sort of thing. But the Red Indian medicine men have in their time produced marvels, tricks, or whatever you like to term them, quite as weird and as puzzling as those associated with the famous jugglers of the East.

Mr. Lang in his article refers to Mr. Kellar, a well-known conjurer and anti-spiritist, who was much puzzled by what he saw the Hindoo mystics perform; but although Mr. Kellar appears to have studied the magic arts of the Hindoo and Zulu magicians, he seems to be quite ignorant of the capabilities in the mystery line of the Red Indian medicine men, which is all the more unsatisfactory from the fact that some of the very spiritualistic phenomena he professes to expose had their origin among the Red Indians.

Everyone will remember the Davenport Brothers, with their mystic cabinet. For a time these astute young men from America prospered, and thousands were bewildered by their exhibitions; but, like all impostors, they eventually came to grief, and with their exposure the cabinet business as a leading feature of the new dispensation ceased to have attractions.

While the general public were bothering their heads as to how the brothers really accomplished their "manifestations," no one ever gave the question as to how the tests associated with them originated. The Spiritualists, of course, gave all the credit to the "dear spirits," while more matter-of-fact folk thought the much-discussed mediums exceedingly clever in inventing such bewildering tricks. But the cabinet trick was not an invention of the Davenport Brothers: they got the idea from the Red Indians. Years, maybe centuries, before the two Americans started in the mediumistic business the Indian medicine men were doing precisely similar "tests." Only, instead of the orthodox cabinet, they performed in a *tepee*, and instead of being tied with rope they had their hands and feet bound with thongs cut from raw hide, far more difficult to slip than rope. Their "manifestations" were very much the same; instead of the latter-day tambourine they beat the primitive tom-tom, and in place of writing messages on slates to be afterwards read by the committee on the platform they delivered by word of mouth the messages the "spirits" had to convey to the audience.

The cabinet trick is not the only thing the spirit mediums have stolen from the Red Indians: the so-called "trance medium" undoubtedly in the first instance owed the idea of "spirit-spouting" to the Red Indian medicine man, who is, or was, a trance medium *par excellence*. Moreover, the resuscitation of dead animals referred to by Mr. Andrew Lang probably gave the earlier American mediums the idea of "materialisation." I have never seen an Indian medicine man attempt the feat of "materialising" a spirit form, but in the good old times, before the rifle and cheap whisky played such an important part in civilising the red man off the face of the earth, the resuscitation of "humans" as well as of animals was included in the repertoire of almost every star medicine man.

The point has been raised, but has never been satisfactorily settled, as to where modern thought-reading had its origin. The first exponent of what at the time was termed the New Force was one Randall Brown, a wild Westerner. When Mr. Brown submitted his experiments to scientific investigation he declined to inform the medical committee how he had come upon the subject, which subject was certainly new to the medical world, as it was to the general public. The late Dr. Beard, who was the first man to investigate scientifically Mr. Brown's claims to the possession of a new force, convinced himself that the experiments did not originate with Brown, but, as there was no record of anyone having given them previous to the young Westerner's appearance on the scene, it was not easy to get others to share this conviction. Dr. Beard based his belief upon the fact that Brown was a man of little or no education, with whom nothing in connection with mental science could possibly originate, and that when the young thought-reader first came to him he gave him the impression of one who was seeking to exhibit something he had seen, but which he himself imperfectly understood. Well I remember Dr. Beard's suggestion to me that in all probability Brown had acquired the art from the Red Indians, with whom the young Westerner admitted to have had a personal acquaintance.

Years after my conversation with Dr. Beard upon this point, I quite by accident met Mr. Brown in the wilds of British Columbia, and I took occasion to ask him if he had, as Dr. Beard had suggested, acquired the knowledge of the Red Indians. But with me, as with the scientific committee, Brown would not be frank; yet from his very answers I arrived at the same conclusion as had Dr. Beard. But, all the same, it is curious that not once during my sojourn with various tribes of Red Indians did I ever come across a native thought-reader, and whenever I experimented with a brave, the experiments seemed both new to him and the members of his tribe who witnessed them. My impression is that Brown originally acquired the knowledge of his art of Red Indian medicine men since dead, and that the art was peculiar to those medicine men, and not at that period practised by medicine men of other tribes. But the question which everyone interested in the matter will ask is, "How did these medicine men come upon thought-reading?" My answer is that the Red Indians brought thought-reading, together with the other mystic arts, with them to North America. From where? From Japan. For my firm belief is that the cradle of the Red Indian race was in the Land of the Rising Sun. But that is another story.

To go back to some of the alleged miracles mentioned by Mr. Andrew Lang, the trick of the maize-plant is performed on very much the same basis as that of

the famous mango trick of the Hindoo jugglers. Major North may be the best authority in the world on the Pawnees, but it does not follow that he is an authority upon Red Indian conjuring. These magical performances never do occur precisely as related; there is always that little something in the descriptions left out which would explain so much. The observer notes the result, but he very rarely observes every detail of the conditions under which the result is achieved. No Red Indian magician can make a maize-plant sprout and grow fifteen inches in height in twenty minutes, or produce a cedar-tree from a berry in a like manner, without ringing the customary changes, any more than he can fly from Winnipeg to Vancouver. Major North and Mr. Grinnell saw the results achieved by the Pawnee medicine men, but the moments when the changes were rung were not observed by them. And therein lies the kernel of the nut Mr. Andrew Lang opines it is so difficult to crack.

Many of the feats cited in Mr. Lang's article rest merely upon tradition, and what rests upon tradition alone does not come within the domain of practical explanation. Mr. Lang concludes with the suggestion that some civilised conjurer should study Red Indian magic with the object of adding some tricks to his collection. As I have already pointed out, the magic of the Red Indian has in more than one instance been laid under contribution by the civilised white—always without acknowledgment. I had at one time thought of bringing some of these medicine men with me to England, in order that the British public might have an opportunity of seeing what the much-abused redskin could accomplish in the matter of magical exhibitions; but on second thought, I arrived at the conclusion that the English people would not associate such feats with the red man, and that they would in all probability fail to "draw." To the general public here the redskin is a bloodthirsty savage, chiefly proficient in the art of scalping. For magical performances those interested in the matter look to the East and not to the West, and I very much question if you could get anyone who has not visited the North American wilds to believe that anything good in the direction of magic could come out of the West. Meanwhile, the few Indian medicine men left are fast forgetting the arts practised by their forefathers, and very soon they will be altogether lost. And, for the sake of the curious and at the same time the interesting, the more 's the pity.

## "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

Among the many prizes competed for at the Bisley Meeting of the National Rifle Association is the cup presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is of sterling silver, standing on a velvet pedestal, the total



"DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

height being 27½ in. The cup is richly chased, with ornamentation in high relief, and bears the following inscription: "National Rifle Association, Bisley Common Meeting, 1893. Presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. All Comers' Prize." It was manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, who has here produced a handsome specimen of the silversmith's art.

GOODWOOD, PORTSMOUTH, BRIGHTON, AND LEWES RACES. The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 25, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the stations at Drayton and Chichester and Goodwood Park.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on July 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 31 for the sale of tickets to Pognor, Drayton, Chichester, Midhurst, Singleton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. Alfred Parsons' collection of water-colour drawings now on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery gives a very fresh and unhackneyed impression of the attractions of Japan. Its claim to be known as the "Flowery Land" has hitherto rested very much upon popular tradition and travellers' tales. Mr. Alfred Parsons furnishes the best proofs that the epithet, as applied to certain portions of the Japanese Empire, is well deserved. From early March, when the fruitless plum-trees of Okamoto flower amid chilling winds and driving snow-squalls, down to the end of October, when the cultivated chrysanthemums blend with the gorgeous tints of the wild maples, Japan is a garden of flowers, attractive at once to the scientific and aesthetic traveller. Mr. Parsons has practically revealed to Europeans and Americans a new side of Japan, and by his aid we gain a distant glimpse of the surroundings which inspired the people of that country with that apparently intense love of harmony of line and colour. The gorgeous masses of the crimson primula, the scarlet blossom of the camellia trees, the pale purple of groves of wistaria are notes in the landscape which cannot be found elsewhere; but the variegated shades of the plum and cherry blossoms are the special feature of Japanese arboriculture. These, with the numerous forms of iris and the more indigenous lotus-plant, have inspired Mr. Alfred Parsons, and the fruits of his sojourn in Japan will be fully appreciated by those who know his faithfulness of observation as well as by those who are glad to be initiated into the wonders of the "Flowery Land" by so competent and trustworthy a guide.

At the time of the publication of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Ballad of Beau Brocade" we referred to the excellence of the illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson. The original drawings, which are now to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, in no way modify our favourable opinion. Mr. Thomson has a very pretty fancy, and adapts it with no little skill to Mr. Austin Dobson's views of eighteenth-century life and manners. He is especially good in all drawings in which horses play an important part, whether in the staid and slow-paced Sorrel of the Gentleman of the Old School, or in the sharp action of the inn-horse on which the brave maid "clattered away to 'Exciseman's Folly.'" Here and there Mr. Thomson touches a tenderer note, as in the Fisherman's "Sunny Summer Daye" and Miss Molly Trefusis; but he is at his best when there is humour or action in the eyes and limbs of his personages, for it is in the delineation of these qualities that his strength lies.

Mr. Charles Bird has struck a bold note in his large etching of "Henry the Seventh's Chapel" (Frost and Reed, London and Bristol), challenging comparison with the work of skilful predecessors. There is no building as accessible to all Londoners which is at once so striking in itself and so closely connected with the history of our country as the Chapel of Henry VII. In its vaults is the dust of three dynasties which occupied the throne, the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Guelfs; and but for the fury of the Restoration, the bones of Cromwell and his mother and daughter would also be resting beside those of other rulers who might have learnt something from the ways of the Lord Protector. In its present state the chapel retains perhaps a more truly ecclesiastical tone than any other part of Westminster Abbey, which is so overcrowded with monuments that the grandeur of its architectural features is hopelessly destroyed. In the chapel, however, nothing obscures the original lines of Sir Reginald Bray's great work, for the banners of the Knights of the Bath—whose special place of investiture it was until 1829—add to the general effect produced by the delicate tracery of the arches and the rich colours of the stained-glass windows. The introduction of modern fashionably dressed ladies into the scene was, perhaps, inevitable, in order to give a date to Mr. Bird's work; but one cannot but feel that such figures amid such surroundings jar upon the eye and the feelings.

The sale of the Holford etchings and drawings has drawn together dealers and connoisseurs from all parts, and the total amount realised, £28,119, for less than 700 lots, shows the high esteem in which the collection was held. Of the principal engravers and etchers from the fifteenth century downwards, Beham, Dürer, Cranach, and Schöngauer represented Germany; Mantegna, Marc Antonio, and Anderloni, Italy; Claude, Desnoyers, and Nanteuil, France; while England could show an almost unbroken series from Faithorne to Woollett. The gems of the collection, however, came from Holland, in which country Houbraken, Bolswert, and Nicolas Berghem brought the art to a high degree of technical perfection, although they fell short of the originality and genius which marked Rembrandt's work. Consequently, it was round this master's works that the battle chiefly raged, and for them the highest prices were given—the portrait of Ephraim Bonus realising £1950, Coppenol, £1350, and the portrait of the artist himself, leaning on a sabre, the enormous sum of £2000. These and other similar figures clearly show that, as a mere investment of capital, works of art, if genuine, have a value of their own.

The etching by Rembrandt popularly known as "The Hundred-Guilder Piece," of which in the first state only three impressions are known to be in existence, is doubtless the most remarkable of a series on which the artist lavished his magic powers. The subject represents Christ healing the sick, and in this work, as in the "Annunciation," the "Raising of Lazarus," and the "Disciples at Emmaus," the charm is due to the light proceeding from the central figure, illuminating every other object and person in the scene. Looked at superficially, the plate conveys the idea of having been touched here and there by mere chance. The artist's aim has been apparently to convey his own thought with the utmost simplicity and directness, without allowing himself to be led away in the pursuit of subtle effects or by the false glamour of involved and laboured work. While this etching in its first state realised £1750, another impression of the second state only fetched £290, although to ordinary observers the latter might seem the more finished work.



## LADIES AND CRICKET.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Some ladies, all honour to them, know about cricket, and are good critics of the game. Others go to see matches because they have a son, a brother, a cousin, an admirer in one of the contending elevens. They understand and care nothing about the matter, but they know when their Tom, Dick, or Harry hits the ball, and can cry "Well hit!" when he gives a tall chance in the slips or gently returns the ball to the bowler. They have a right, in the interests of their young friend, to be present at Lord's. All the ladies are welcome, in a general way, who honour by their presence a cricket ground when a county match is being played, or when the Australians are busy, or when Gentlemen meet Players. These ladies go to see the game; they do not go because it is "fashionable" (for it is not), or to picnic, or to chatter and walk about, and sit with their backs to the play, looking for acquaintances in the crowd. It is at the University match that ladies who come to flirt, gossip, feed, are objects beautiful indeed, but terribly out of place. Seats can be set for them behind the stands on the practice ground; there they can eat, drink, and despise each other's dresses. Elsewhere they simply keep honest men and keen cricketers from seeing the game. Their parasols obscure it; their chatter is heart-breaking; they shrilly confess their contempt for cricket and their ignorance. They go to Lord's because a lot of men go, because their female friends have got tickets, because it annoys and wears their chaperons. Now, these ladies are an offence to cricketers. They scorn the police, and tramp about the ground when it ought to be cleared. They annoy amateurs like Lord Byron, who hate to see women eating, for they do eat, steadily, all day, like children on a journey. They have all the world to crowd; they can be as gregarious as they like in a thousand places; they can go to private views, processions, at homes, every kind of place that a child of Nature abhors and avoids. Can they not spare us "the most sacred spot on heaven's earth"—Lord's? Can they not take their parasols and bonnets and tattle elsewhere, and leave space for "honest men and bonnie lasses" who appreciate cricket? There should be a competitive examination for ladies in cricket. The University Extension people should see to it, giving a degree of A.A., or "Adequate Amateur." One can suggest a paper which ought to be set—

DEGREE OF A.A.

Cricket Paper.

(Hours from Ten to One.)

1. Define "leg-bye," "l.b.w.," "over." Distinguish, if you can, between "wide" and "no ball."
2. "Oxford is in at one end and Cambridge at the other." "If Mr. Podmore does not play with a straight bat, why do not his friends subscribe and buy one for him?" "Cambridge is dark blue and Oxford light blue." "Why do they all run about when the man in the white coat says, 'Oh, dear!'" "Why do they keep changing about?" "First hop is out at trap-ball and cricket."

Discuss these remarks, correcting, if you can, any blunders and explaining the difficulties.

3. Explain, "to save the follow on," "break back," "out in the country," "silly point," and distinguish, if you can, between "third man" and "long leg." Give any theory you may entertain about the origin of the phrase "silly point," and illustrate from "the silly buckets on the deck."

4. Comment on the behaviour of Oxford and Cambridge at the end of the first Oxford innings, indicating which side you espouse, and giving your reasons.

5. Who were, or are, Nyren, W. G. Grace, "Jacky Mason," Briggs, Kortright, Jupp, Tarrant, George Freeman, Richard Daff, Alfred Mynn?

6. Criticise Mr. Whibley's theory of the authorship of "The Young Cricketer's Tutor."

7. Give your theory of the derivation of "cricket," "bails," "yorker," "tice," "a barter."

8. What English poets have been cricketers? When did Byron, Shakspeare, Pope, and Gay distinguish themselves in the cricket-field? State your conclusion as to Byron's lameness, as illustrated by his performances.

Any lady who can pass this examination has an undoubted right to be present at any match. Perhaps some of the questions may even puzzle some of the plain sex. Mr. Whibley's theory, in his edition of Nyren (Nutt), is that Nyren was the actual author of that work. On the other hand, Charles Cowden Clarke, the Shaksperian commentator and editor of Nyren, remarks, in his second edition (1840) that he himself wrote the book, stringing together casual remarks made by the old Hambledon man in conversation. This wholly disposes of Nyren's literary pretensions. Mr. Whibley says in Mr. Clarke's introduction, "There is no word of editorial supervision," and distinguishes between Clarke's style and Nyren's. But if Mr. Whibley had consulted the second edition (1840) he would have discovered the value of internal evidence and of the higher criticism. As to cricketers poets, Cowper boasts of having been excellent. Byron played and bowled for Harrow against Eton. A Mr. Shakspeare played for Harrow on the same occasion. Pope and Gay played for Cambridge this year, though Mr. Pope did not get his colours. The other questions present no serious difficulties.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Dr F St.—Please send another copy of the unimproved version, if that is what you want to stick to.

REV A W S A Row (West Drayton).—Your amended problem shall receive attention.

W PERCY HIND.—Both diagrams duly to hand, for which thanks. You are quite right about Mr. Lloyd's two mover.

M A EYRE.—Your suspicions are correct: the solution you proposed was ineffective.

W F JONES (Bellville, Canada).—Your problem shall be examined carefully, with a view of reporting upon it later on.

REV. HENRY BRANDRETT.—The solution of Mr. De la Mothe's problem is scarcely so haphazard as you suggest, although you strike on the right move. The only square out of all at its choice to which the Kt can go is R 5th. The two Pawns you object to are really essential to the correctness of the problem. Thanks for enclosures.

MISS C H A (Sandys).—You have transgressed no rules of ours, excepting by sending a stamped envelope for reply, as we cannot respond by post. Your solution is, unfortunately, incorrect, the move you give being one of the traps by which the problem is made interesting.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2564 received from M V Singh (Bhinga); of No. 2568 from Dr F St and E H; of No. 2569 from A H B, J D Tucker (Leeds), George Dupré (Jersey), John Meale (Matis-hall), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), and Edwin Barnish (Rochdale).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2570 received from T Roberts, L Desanges, E E H, J D Tucker, A Newman, J F Moon, Sorrento (Dawlish), E Loudon, J Dixon, J Ross (Whitley), T G (Ware), R H Brooks, C E Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), G T Hughes (Athy), A J Haggood (Haslar), Martin E, H Brandreth, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Joseph Willcock (Chester), W Wright, Shadforth, Julia Short (Exeter), Alpha, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), F J Knight, G Joicey, W R Raillem, H B Hurford, M Burke, and Edgar J G Piffard.

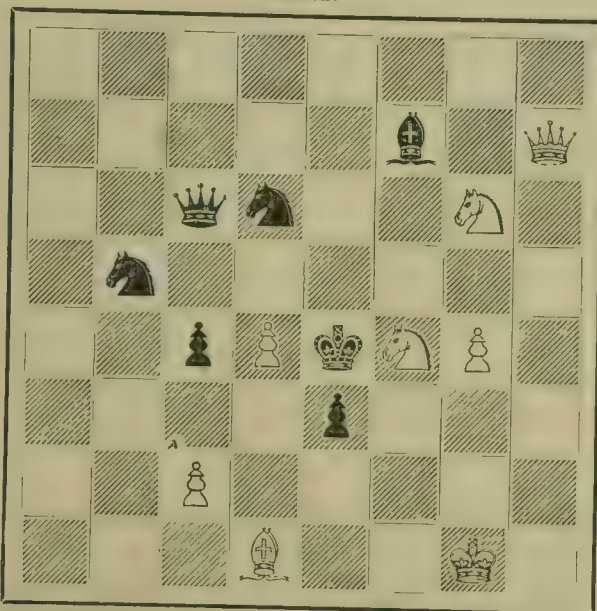
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2569.—By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Kt 6th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2572.

By PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN IRELAND.

The following consultation games were played during Mr. F. J. Lee's visit to Ireland last November—  
(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Soffe and Peake)	BLACK (Parnell and Lee)	WHITE (Soffe and Peake)	BLACK (Parnell and Lee)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. R to B 3rd, with the object of playing Q R to K B sq and B to K sq, is more attractive.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B to Kt 2nd	
3. P to Q 4th	Kt takes P	19. P to B 4th	
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	20. R to K 3rd, for the purpose of B taking Kt, followed by Q to K B 2nd would have given White a more level game.	
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. P to Q 5th	
6. B to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	20. P to Q R 3rd	
7. Kt takes Kt		21. P to Q Kt 4th	
	Kt to B 3rd is better. It is seldom good to exchange Knights in this manner.	22. K to Kt sq	
7. Castles	P takes Kt	23. P to R 3rd	
8. P to K B 4th	B to K 2nd	24. R takes Kt	
	A move that greatly weakens White's position. B to K 3rd is as good as anything.	25. R to B 2nd	
9. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	26. B takes P	
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th	27. B takes R	
11. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
12. Kt takes P	Castles		
13. Kt to R sq	P to B 4th		
14. Kt to B 6th	Q to B 2nd		
15. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt		
16. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th		
17. Q to B 2nd	P to B 4th		
18. Q R to K sq			

(Four Knights' Game.)

WHITE (Soffe and Peake)	BLACK (Parnell and Lee)	WHITE (Soffe and Peake)	BLACK (Parnell and Lee)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q to Kt 2nd	R to Kt 7th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q R to K B sq	Castles (Q R)
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	19. B to K sq	Q R to Kt sq
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 4th	20. K to K sq	Q to K 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. Q to Kt 3rd	Q R to Kt 2nd
6. B to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd	22. P to Q R 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
7. B to Q 2nd		23. K to K 2nd	B takes P
	This has very much the appearance of lost time, giving Black the benefit of the move.	24. R takes B	Q to K 6th (ch)
8. B to Q Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th	25. K to B sq	R takes R (ch)
9. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd	26. B takes R	Q takes B P
10. Kt takes Kt (ch)	P to R 3rd	27. R to R 2nd	Q to K 5th (ch)
	To take three moves merely to exchange Kts seems scarcely worth the candle.	28. B to K sq	R to Kt 5th (ch)
11. B takes Kt	P takes Kt	29. K takes R	Q takes B (ch)
12. P to Q Kt 4th	B to R 2nd	30. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt 6th (ch)
13. Q to B sq	P to B 4th	31. K to R sq	
14. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt		
15. P takes B	P to B 5th		
16. K to K 2nd	R to K Kt sq		

Intending competitors in the Counties Chess Association tournament, which will commence on July 31, are requested to send their names at once to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle. During the week an excursion through Tennyson's country is projected on one of the days between morning and evening play.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Two (from January 7 to June 21, 1893) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, W.C., London.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is not often I make any appeal in this column for financial assistance on behalf of any object, but I have pleasure in breaking this rule in the matter of what seems to me to be a most valuable and important movement—I mean the movement which is being undertaken to acquire information regarding the social, mental, and physical condition of children. This work is being carried out under the auspices of a committee appointed by the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography held two years ago in London. Sir Douglas Galton writes asking for support, and I hope those of my readers who feel interested in a movement likely to have important educational bearings and equally important social results, will respond to the appeal thus made.

I understand Sir Douglas Galton is willing to receive subscriptions at the Parkes Museum, London, W. What is specially aimed at by the committee is to investigate and determine the causes of low or arrested mental development in children. Already, I learn, some 30,000 children in the London Board Schools have been examined with reference to their educational work and abilities; but the committee desire to extend their inquiries to include the results of examination of 100,000 children, and this work, needless to say, involves actual out-of-pocket expenses, to say nothing of the labour involved in the inquiry, which is not susceptible of being recompensed at all, and which, as far as I know, is a labour of scientific love.

Do germs become modified in time like higher organisms? is a question one might answer in the affirmative, if only from the consideration that no forms of life are likely to exist outside the influence of surroundings and environments. It is a fair inference, I think, that most of our disease-producing microbes have sprung from germs which were originally harmless. If, as is likely, these lower organisms were in existence long before the higher animals and plants which they now attack and kill, there must have been a time when, with no subjects whereon to wreak their powers, their disease-producing tendencies must have been either absent or undeveloped.

Whether these speculations are justifiable or not, some light on the question of the modification of microbes is thrown by certain investigations made on cholera germs by various observers. Thus from water in the neighbourhood of a cholera attack an experimenter obtained two kinds of germs, differing in certain particulars from Koch's well-known comma bacillus. The differences were of marked nature, and it is suggested that they may possibly have been due to the cultivation of the microbes in question. But even on this latter view of things, the possibility of modification as a general feature of microbes must be taken into account. This is not all, however. Another observer comparing cholera germs obtained from Paris and Hamburg discovered that the two sets of microbes were identical; but he also noted that, in turn, these European germs showed distinct differences from cholera bacilli obtained in India. The conclusion to which these investigations lead, shortly stated, is that probably the life of the cholera germ in Europe, under conditions climatic and otherwise, differing from those of India, has produced specific alterations in its constitution.

The further idea has also been started that in its modifications the cholera germ may have lost some of its disease-producing power. If this notion be correct, we may hope in time, perhaps, to find the cholera-bacillus becoming so attenuated in this latter respect that it will fall outside the class of disease-producing microbes altogether. This is, of course, a bold piece of speculation, and one which may be regarded as dealing with and discounting what is practically the unknown future. Still, the thought is interesting in its way, if only by its suggestion that, like the "Black Death" and the "Plague" and other once-common epidemics, cholera itself may be added to the list of things that were.

Professor A. H. Church, F.R.S., lately gave a most interesting discourse at the Royal Institution, on a subject which he has made emphatically his own—the presence and nature of a certain pigment containing copper, and occurring in the feathers of certain birds. To this curious animal pigment he gave the name of *turacin*, a term derived from the name *turaco*, indicating the genus to which the birds known as "plantain-eaters" belong. The presence of copper in animal colouring matter was and is a novelty in chemical science. Professor Church tells us that as long ago as 1866 he had his attention directed to the solubility in water of the red colour in the wing-feathers of a plantain-eater. Copper was found to be present in fair quantity; and the interesting question arises—how does the copper come to be a natural constituent of the birds' feathers? In the ash of banana fruits, on which many of these birds feed, as well as in many other plants and in animals, copper is present; but in the blood of the birds no copper is found, or, practically, only faint traces. The feathers of one bird contain on an average two grains of turacin, in which the metal is present to an extent equalling 14 of a grain of metallic copper, or about one-fifth of a grain at its best development. Professor Church adds that this is not a large amount to be furnished by its food to one of these birds annually during the season after moulting. It is from the food, then, that the copper is obtained; and this is only a natural deduction. The turacin is limited to the red parts of the feathers only.

We are told that, despite chemical search through the bird-class, so far no other group has been found to possess this peculiar pigment. The turacos remain solitary as the only examples among all the birds of this copper-colouration; although in certain turacos and the allied gallinule, a second pigment, allied to turacin, was discovered. Copper itself is found, as I have said, in many animals and plants; yet only one other copper compound besides turacin has been discovered in animals, and this is a substance developed in connection with the breathing processes in certain lower forms of life. Curious it is to think of the manner in which the vital chemistry works up its materials into compounds, sometimes common and universal, or, as in the case of turacin, into a substance of extreme rarity.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

So we have really got our English Queen-elect—the first consort of native birth chosen by an heir to our throne since Anne Hyde. It would be an interesting historical inquiry what has been the influence of foreign Princesses on our social progress. On the one hand, no royal lady born and bred under other conditions than our own can so thoroughly enter into the spirit of our constitution and our national temperament as a princess who is one of us. The very niceties of the tongue evade those not native-born; even the Prince Consort, as Sir Theodore Martin's "Life" tells, used to take his English documents to the Queen for correction. On the other hand, some of the Queens-consort from abroad have brought us precious assistance in more ways than one. Philippa of Hainault introduced the art of weaving from her native land, and also procured the writing of one of the earliest books on our country and its manners that exists, in order that, as she explains, the other nations of the earth, especially the one from which she came, might learn to know and thence to appreciate the virtues of her adopted people. Another foreign-born Queen introduced the red clover into this country, and thus helped agriculture to a degree that it takes some knowledge to fully comprehend. Another brought us the side-saddle, an advance on the pillion. There is a great balance on the other side, however; the lack of wisdom in, and the jealous feeling about, many of our Queens-consort from abroad having often done national mischief. The popularity of this marriage of the heir to the Throne with an English-bred Princess has much to justify it.

I have just returned from a journey of some ten thousand miles by land and sea, to New York, thence to Chicago, and then to the Yellowstone Park and back, all alone—though I found the kindest of friends there—and I have had absolutely no unpleasant adventures. In this age of the world a woman can travel alone as safely as a man. This is my conviction as regards travel in England. Having travelled alone abundantly (to lecture) in this country from the time that I was twenty, I know of no reason to fear the undertaking. The American railway plan of the long, open carriages, wider than ours, allowing of four seats and a central passage in the width, and having the doors at each end, so that all the travellers in each car are always in company, is doubtless, from some points of view, safer than the English. In many respects, however, the American railways are less agreeable than our own to a lady travelling alone. This is especially the case as regards the carrying of luggage. The journeys are generally long, so that more hand-baggage must be carried than is at all required in England, and there are no porters to assist the travellers! In this, there is no respect of persons; one cannot, within the stations, get any assistance, even if willing to pay ever so heavily for it, and the present Duchess of Sutherland mentions, in her bright little book of travel, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year," the difficulty that she and her husband found in themselves

conveying their small things about in the States. Though I bore myself bravely, I often, in fact, arrived at the haven of my railway-carriage trembling from head to foot with the weight, too great for my strength, of my travelling bag and wraps. A lady travelling alone is more comfortable also in certain other ways here. It is an unpleasant thing to smell the tobacco smoke, as one often does in the States. It is unpleasant to have not a moment's privacy, and to have to undress in the sleeping-cars behind a curtain; and to come forth in the morning from the shelter of that same curtain and go through rows of men fellow-passengers in order to wash one's face and do up one's hair properly, is loathsome. However, a lady can travel alone safely and comfortably enough there, as well as elsewhere.

That the World's Fair is worth going to see by anybody who can go is my decided opinion. There is so much that is interesting. The Woman's Building contains, among many other things, the finest collection of old lace ever brought together. The Queen of Italy has sent her magnificent Crown laces. They are arranged in a huge glass case, with a canopied top, like a crown, under which the precious fabrics fall in a cataract; there are all varieties of lace. Every here and there, a little wax Cupid is slung, and gathers in his arms the edges of a priceless piece or two of the lace, so as to drape it gracefully. One of the most curious designs among the Queen of Italy's laces is made up of warlike arms, guns, swords, and pikes. It looks so out of place that one feels that there ought to be some history attached to it to excuse the anomaly. Other royal ladies have sent contributions, but generally these take the form of their own handiwork. Our Queen sends a series of small water-colour sketches, chiefly of scenery; but the most finished is a portrait of her Majesty's Indian secretary. The Princess of Wales's contribution is a worked leather chair-seat, which is really admirably done and would bear professional competition. The seat is in light leather and the distinguished workwoman's home name, "Alix," is cut into one corner of the design.

In the French Manufactures section there is a very large show of present-day dress, and some of the costumes are very beautiful. The profuse employment of real lace at present on evening dress gives it a richness that nothing else can supply, and all the French gowns have a quantity of lace on them in the shape of deep flounces and berthes that reach the waist. In the English section there is not much specially interesting to ladies. One of the handsomest cases is that of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of 110, Regent Street; it is quite a temple of white wood picked out with gold, and draped between the arches with blue plush. They show a quantity of lovely silver, also a gold-fitted dressing-case and some beautiful gold caskets; but the greatest novelty is a souvenir brooch of gold, showing Washington's coat of arms, supported on a bundle of rods typifying union, and surmounted by the eagle. The coat of arms is borne on a shield, and consists of stars and stripes: from this the American flag was designed. As samples of Court-aud's crapes, there are two excellent dresses by Messrs. Jay; but our other great fashion houses are unrepresented.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Reunion Conference is being held at Lucerne this year, and is well attended. The meetings appear to be interesting, and the speeches able. But so far at least as the Church of England is concerned, her representatives can hardly be called representative. Canon Tremantle, for example, is well known and much respected, but he does not stand for a large section of the Church. The absence of leading Evangelicals is noteworthy. Probably the social intercourse at these assemblies does more to bring men of different schools together than is effected by the public meetings.

Two more secessions from the Wesleyan ministry to the Church of England are reported. The system of the itineracy is given as the reason. Wesleyan ministers are always on the move, and it is alleged that in large towns especially it is difficult to make an impression in so short a time as three years.

There have been various rumours as to the promotion of the Rev. Harry Drew, curate of Hawarden and son-in-law of the Prime Minister; and, indeed, he has declined more than one living. Mr. Drew has now definitely resigned his curacy, and leaves at Christmas. Mrs. Drew is an accomplished lady, and contributes occasionally to the press. A review of "Mademoiselle Ixe" from her pen, signed "M. D.," and published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had a good deal to do with the success of that story. The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who has been staying at Penmaenmawr, is much improved in health.

Reviewing Mr. Montefiore's Hibbert lectures, Professor T. K. Cheyne says, "Abraham, indeed, is given up at least as an historical figure. It was time that someone should confess the truth, which ought long ago to have found its way into our schools and colleges, though I almost wish that some use could be made of the Abraham narratives in the historical sketch of later Israelitish religion." With Moses, according to Dr. Cheyne, the historic period begins, and it is a fact "of reasonable inference that Moses not only gave oral decisions at the Desert sanctuary of Kadesh, but also, in doing so, deposited among his people the germ of the ethical monotheism of the Prophets."

The education controversy is likely to be a burning one soon. The demand formulated by the *Guardian* is that "no scheme of rate aid can be accepted by Churchmen which does not leave to Churchmen the appointment of the teachers." As secular education is to be given at the cost of the rates, it follows, apparently, that the ratepayers (of all denominations) are to pay the teachers and that Churchmen are to appoint them. It is obvious that such a plan would meet with keen opposition. Lord Harrowby and Lord Selborne condemned it, but it was supported by Lord Cranborne and Dean Gregory. The *Guardian* says that the Church schools must die in the great towns unless they can be put in the same position in regard to the public purse as the Board schools. It also thinks that the Church is much stronger now than it was twenty years ago, and that either political party would give effect to its work.—V.

# MILLIONS DRINK IT DAILY!!

## LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEA.

### LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

### DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEAPOT.

### NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.

WHY PAY 2/- to 3/6 per lb. for TEA, when at LIPTON'S you can buy

## The FINEST the WORLD PRODUCES

NO HIGHER PRICE.

at **1/7** per lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

## RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT.

**1/- and 1/4** per lb.

These Teas have a more exquisite aroma and delicious flavour than any Tea ever introduced into Britain.

They have undoubtedly reached a pinnacle of success never before attained by any Tea in the World.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE, AND THE SALE INCREASING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS ALL THE TIME.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.

**A GUARANTEE.**—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

# LIPTON,

TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.

THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymastotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta.

## GENERAL OFFICES: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



# Mappin & Webb's

## PRESENTATION SILVER PLATE.



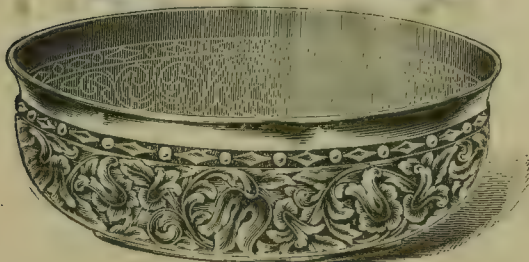
Massive Sterling Silver Candelabrum, with  
Figures at base after Harmian.  
5 Lights ... .. £105 pair.  
7 " Height, 24 inches. £130 "



Registered Design.  
Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45.  
2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Table Lamp,  
Italian Renaissance, after Benvenuto  
Cellini. Marble Base, £15 15s.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, handsomely Chased, interior richly  
Gilt, £12 12s.  
Sterling Silver Salad Servers to match, £3 15s.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver  
Dessert Dish.  
4 inches high ... .. £5 5s.  
5½ inches high ... .. £8 10s.



Finest Crystal Cut Glass Claret Jug,  
with massive Sterling Silver Mounts,  
£11 11s.

### ILLUSTRATED SHEETS OF PRESENTATION PLATE POST FREE.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL TO ALL PARTS.



Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Dessert Dish, interior and exterior  
richly gilt. Length, 13½ inches, £26.  
Side Dishes, 7 inches, £9 each.



Sterling Silver Salvers, Leopard Pattern Border, Pierced  
and Engraved, very handsome.  
8 inches ... £10 0s. 14 inches ... £27 10s.  
10 " ... £14 14s. 16 " ... £36 10s.  
12 " ... £19 10s. 18 " ... £48 10s.



Exquisitely Chased in high relief after Thorwaldsen; Sterling Silver Bowl,  
interior richly gilt. 26 inches long, including Handles, 100 Guineas.



Sterling Silver richly Chased Oval Biscuit Box,  
£14 10s.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service,  
£14 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. (FACING THE MANSION HOUSE), E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I am perfectly certain that the majority of the playgoers of London are not afflicted with colour-blindness. I suppose I must be. The plays that I am told on excellent authority are moral treatises, I discover to be faulty in every moral particular, and to break down on the application of the simplest moral test. The plays that I am told are the most powerful that London has seen for years I find to be merely daring exercises in the wonderful art of coolly saying that black is white. The plays that I am told are "ah, so natural!" I find are the most unnatural works that have ever been presented to my notice. The plays that pride themselves on their realism are, on examination, absolutely unreal when submitted to the test of reason. Many years ago I stated to the late Charles Mathews that I should like to adapt "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" for the English stage. At the time the play was written it was considered a daring work, and powerful only in the sense that a spade was called a spade, not always in the best taste, and because, in the state of the stage at that epoch, no one ever called a spade a spade or claimed to be original because he was eccentric. "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" was a striking but withal an eccentric work. Charles Mathews laughed me to scorn. He said that success was not made on the stage by airing eccentricity but by studying human nature—by taking as your types the ordinarily accepted men and women, not the monsters.

I listened to the advice of my old and experienced friend, and left "Les Idées de Madame Aubray" healthily alone. But what would Charles Mathews have said if he could have seen the play of to-day, that is accepted as original because it is eccentric, as powerful because it is not wholly in good taste, and as moral because it seems to uphold the breaking of all moral and natural laws? Now, this is the hero of the modern play: He has been married once, and married very badly. Having made this great mistake in his life, presumably, according to nature, he would have been careful concerning

his second venture. Having found love fail him with his first wife, common-sense, if nothing else, would suggest to him that he should not make an idiot of himself for the second time. But what happens? The man is beyond reproach, sensitive, honourable, a perfect gentleman, a man of absolutely fastidious tastes, and for the second time he marries a woman so vulgar, so shrewish, so unlovable, so destitute of taste that she sets the sensitive teeth on edge. She has no redeeming quality. She has no beauty, no style, no quiet moments of seductive charm. She is simply vulgar and ill-bred. Why, then, should such a man marry such a woman? I pause for a reply. No reason is given, no cause is suggested. One moment's tenderness or abandonment in the opening scenes of such a play would account for the infatuation of the man. But we are presented with no reason. The man simply does an unnatural and improbable thing.

The man, when he has married this loveless and immoral shrew, discovers evidence of past immoralities and monstrosities of which he has not hitherto dreamed. This "hell cat," there is no other word for her, as I see her on the stage, has been the mistress of the youth who is to marry the hero's daughter. When the husband hears of this hideous relationship, you would imagine that, according to the laws of nature, he would be just a little bit shocked. Not a bit of it. The more immoralities to which she confesses the more he seems to adore her. He knows she has been a mistress, but not a dozen times. Each confession redoubles his ardour. This, I am told, is natural; all this is in accordance with the laws of nature. Husbands loving their wives are in the habit of condoning their faults with positive pleasure. When the wife, who has no spark or sparkle of love in her composition, has confessed to apparently every vileness of her past life, she thinks it best to put an end to her miserable existence—not because she has led a wretched, unnatural, loveless life, not because she is sick of her depravity, but because, forsooth, she is getting *passée*, and will have to rouge and powder her face and dye her hair; not because she wishes to atone for the past by living a good life with a good husband, but because life is not

worth living without immoral relationships. To this blatant nonsense the husband listens unmoved. He does not say, "My dear, you are talking arrant nonsense, and ought to be whipped." He does not say, "Your mother and your ancestors did not think grey hair or old age dishonourable, but lived on and did their duty." No; this modern hero sits by the side of his Ibsenitish Hedda Gabler shrew and never utters a word except to groan about the misery of life. Thus the heroine is a vulgar suicide and the hero is the epitome of weakness and feeble imbecility. But what are we to say of the morals of the young people? A young girl comes out of a convent, from which she is supposed to issue innocent, and she knows more than the most vicious women in London. She knows by instinct that her step-mother is a wanton and has "kept house" with several men; and the reward of her innocent convent education, her trust in God, and her preknowledge of the world, is to be robbed of the only man in whom she ever trusted, the only man she ever really loved—her future husband! This is the modern play. Every vicious person seems to succeed, every virtuous person suffers horribly. The hero is a virtuous and good man: he is doomed to suffer. The little daughter is a good girl, notwithstanding her worldly experience derived from the convent: she suffers as no innocent girl ought to suffer. The young sinner is laudably repentant: he suffers with agony and shame. The heroine, with her Ibsenitish tendencies, goes to her self-inflicted death, proud that she will not live to grow old and repent the vile abomination of her life and the injury she has done to everybody. And the curtain falls on a modern, a powerful, and a noble play. I, for one, cannot see it. I can see in it no nature, no consistency, no charm. But then I do not understand the modern play as applied to human nature.

Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of 47, Sloane Street, and Eton, have just had the honour of photographing her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle; also a group which includes Princess Henry of Prussia and the royal children then staying at the Castle.

IN EVERY HOME A USE IS FOUND FOR ELLIMAN'S.



DR. LANGEN'S SUGAR OF MILK

The British Medical Journal says: "Dr. Langen's Sugar of Milk may be used with confidence in the preparation of infant's food from cow's milk." It makes cow's milk same as mother's milk, and is indispensable for the feeding of babies and invalids. Be careful to ask for Dr. Langen's, and take no other. Supplied by good class chemists and grocers in 1-lb. tins only, price 1s. 9d. per tin. We will send any reader naming THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS a carefully written Mother's Guide, gratis and post free.—Write to BERNARDINI BROTHERS, 66, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

SUGAR OF MILK DR. LANGEN'S. DR. LANGEN'S DIGESTIVE CHOCOLATE PASTILLES, packed in 4-oz. packets only, price 6d.

FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.

RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.



# £20 REWARD!

For information sufficient to enable us to convict any person selling as HOVIS, any Bread or Biscuits made wholly or partially of any Flour or Meal other than Smith's Patent Hovis Flour, manufactured solely by S. Fitton and Son, Hovis Flour Mills, Macclesfield.

HOVIS BISCUITS, an ideal food, can be obtained through agents in every town in Great Britain and Ireland. Wholesale only of the National Bakery Co., Brewery Road, Islington, London, N.

HOVIS BREAD, an ideal food, can be obtained from bakers in every town in Great Britain and Ireland; but if any difficulty be experienced in obtaining HOVIS, or if what is supplied as HOVIS is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.



DRINKING THE BRIDE'S HEALTH

JOHN ROBERTSON & SONS' DUNDEE WHISKY.  
LONDON ADDRESS: 4, GREAT TOWER ST., E.C.



## MELLIN'S FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. FOOD.

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus post free from  
G. MELLIN, Marlborough Works, Peckham, S.E.



**PERSONAL LOVELINESS**  
is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

## FRAGRANT SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.  
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

## ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

BERNERS HOTEL, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.—Most central Family Hotel. Two minutes from Regent Street. Quiet rooms, from 2s. 6d. Bed, breakfast, and attendance, 6s. Table d'hôte, 6.30. Served at separate tables, 3s. 6d. Open to non-residents. Apply for tariff or special terms to C. Troy

**THE OLDEST AND BEST.**  
"THE QUEEN"  
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
Dec. 23, 1883.  
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.  
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

## COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.  
FOR LIVER.  
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.  
FOR BILE.  
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.  
FOR INDIGESTION.  
COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.  
FOR HEARTBURN.

## FITS!

A CERTAIN CURE FOR  
EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA, AND OTHER NERVOUS  
DISEASES.

OSCAR FANYAU'S treatise on Epilepsy and all Nervous Diseases will be sent post free on application to  
**OSCAR FANYAU & CO.,**  
90, GREAT RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C.,  
Next British Museum.  
FULL AND PLAIN ADDRESS REQUESTED.

# BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

In Silver Cases, Guaranteed for Accuracy, Strength, Durability, and Value, and obtained

Gold Medals (Highest Awards) at all Exhibitions.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases,

In Silver Cases,



## BENSON'S "SPECIAL MAKE" LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and strong KEYLESS Action, and is without doubt one of the best made, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to all other Watches sold at the same price. The Cases are 18-carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10, OR IN SILVER CASES, £5.  
HANDSOME PRESENT FOR A LADY.

### SPECIAL NOTE

That all these Watches are made on J. W. BENSON'S INTERCHANGEABLE SYSTEM, thus insuring perfect accuracy in each part, and, in case of breakage, cheap and efficient repair.

See Benson's Illustrated Book, just Published, containing 200 Pages of Illustrations &c. of Watches, from £2 2s., Clocks, Jewellery, Silver and Electro Plate. Post Free on application to



Gold Chains in a Great Variety of Patterns to Match, from £1 5s.  
See Illustrated Pamphlet, post free.

Any of these Watches will be sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

J. W. BENSON (Watchmaker & Jeweller by Royal Warrant to H.M. the QUEEN), STEAM FACTORY, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.  
ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S LOWEST NET CASH PRICES.



Restore the Colour, Arrest the Fall, Cleanse the Scalp  
and Remove Dandruff.



## MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. ITS PRACTICE IN THE METROPOLIS.

By S. J. MACKIE, Esq.,

Science Correspondent of the "Standard," London.

What are the conditions of the Practice of Medical Electricity in the Metropolis and generally in England as well as abroad at the present time is an inquiry which, if followed out faithfully and legitimately, should have much practical value in its results. The inquiry cannot, however, be properly conducted without an independence of professional trammels; and, at the same time, there should be a happy combination of certain qualifications in the investigator to bring his undertaking to a successful issue.



MR. C. B. HARNESS,  
President, Medical Battery Company, Limited.

One essential, it is obvious, must be that he is sufficiently well known and trusted by those he has to approach in order to gain confidential access to the objects of his study.

Having been for twenty-five years the science correspondent of the *Standard*, and previously for four years in charge of the science department of the *London Review*—having, indeed, from my youth upwards been engaged in scientific literature, I have had a diversified experience of more than half a century, which ought in some degree to qualify me for the attempt.

Sources of information and access to persons and places have thus become open to me, and many welcome and willing aids have usually accompanied my pursuits. But the path before me is not a smooth one, and the end alone will justify the venture.

For years upon years Medical Electricity has been before the public in various phases, and has been most largely practised outside the medical profession, which has, in this country at least, opposed and neglected its use and its capabilities. Its members are not generally trained in matters electrical as they are in chemistry; while electricians, who deal with powerful currents for lighting and motor purposes, have had no inclination for inquiring into the effects of the feeble quantities which physiologists employ for therapeutic purposes—measurable only in the thousandth part of the practical engineer's quantity-unit—the milliampère in the place of the ampère.

My attention was attracted to the subject in 1888, when I paid my first visit to the Electropathic and Zander Institute in Oxford Street, of which Mr. C. B. Harness is the founder and the President. I had gone there for a specific purpose, but on that occasion I was shown a great deal more than I went to see, and it interested me.

The outcome of this influence was that it was suggested by me that Medical Electricity might be well taken as the subject for discussion at one of the evening meetings of the Inventors' Institute, of which I had been since 1884 a Member of Council and Honorary Secretary. The result was that a correspondence followed which led to an invitation to visit the Electropathic and Zander establishment in Oxford Street, and see the whole of the apparatus there, both electrical and mechanical, in actual operation. This invitation was accepted; and on April 15 of the year 1891 the conversation was carried out by the largest gathering of the members on record, everyone present testifying to their interest in the proceedings.

After this personal experience, I have felt that nowhere could the inquiry into the practice of Medical Electricity be more appropriately commenced than at that largest and most complete establishment for which business enterprise and curative processes have already combined to make a world-wide renown.

I was the more disposed to take this course by reason of the scurrilous abuse which had been vented in certain invidious criticisms. The statements of so-styled experts in the Courts, as well as in literary criticisms, are either valid or not valid. In the general estimation there is a great deal of laxity in what is called expert evidence; but the serious objection against it is that so little regard is so frequently shown by so many experts for the oaths they have taken to speak the truth. There is no substantial ground for taking a scientist's opinion as evidence. The expert is commonly as much an advocate in scientific tactics as the barrister is

in tactics of the law—only the one is on his oath and the other is not.

Criticism, if just, is always useful, and deserves appreciation. Even unjust criticism is useful, if the critic really intends to be honest. Malignant criticism, which is also dishonest, undoubtedly is libellous. But in the present state of the law, how few there are who would involve themselves in a libel suit with even the certain prospect of a successful judgment!

The best and wisest course in public discussions is to meet imputations by a wide propagation of substantial facts, founded on faithful inquiries and truthful bases.

I have stated how I became acquainted with the Medical Battery Company, Limited, the owners of the Electropathic and Zander Institute. I have now added a reason why I have essayed, from conscientious motives, to examine into and criticise, as independently and straightforwardly as my experience and intelligence will enable me, the general subject of Medical Electricity at this particular time. It is the subject of many mysteries as well as of many useful phases; and it is a grand field for researches, susceptible of evolving incalculable benefits to the human race and especially to suffering humanity.

The Electropathic and Zander Establishment, in Oxford Street, has no less than eighteen operating-rooms, the furnishing of which with electrical apparatus and the requisite adjuncts may fairly be put at an average of a thousand pounds apiece. It has also the great Zander Gallery, with its sixty mechanical contrivances for exercising the muscles and body in any special manner required for the strengthening of weak parts or the development of healthy reactions. Dynamic electricity lights up the entire place, and the influence machines and dental tools are driven by electric motors. Belts, corsets, medical batteries, induction coils, and other electrical apparatus, trusses, dental plates, and various appliances are made on the premises, and are all finished with the greatest neatness. The commercial department employs about fifteen correspondents, skilled in all essential matters, and there is a regular local post-office. The manufacture of Electropathic Belts and appliances is a remarkable business in itself. Beyond this number, and the hands in the other factories, must be added four qualified Medical Consulting Physicians, two qualified Dentists, the heads of the various departments, and the specialists, all at considerable salaries, and the masseurs and masseuses who administer the pleasant electric baths produced by powerful four-plate influence machines—the use of which is in very great demand.

Credit should be given to Mr. Harness for his perseverance and success in extending the realms of Medical Electricity: and encouragement by the medical professions would be more just to him for the services he has indubitably rendered than an antagonistic apathy, mainly based on official trammels and lack of training in electrical matters.

Regarding the President of the Electropathic and Zander Institute, attention may well be drawn to his many and ingenious patents, which are being utilised with such pronounced success by the Medical Battery Company, Limited. One is astonished at the magnitude of such an establishment organised on a most practical, scientific, and useful basis; but it is next to impossible to gauge the amount of time and capital spent by Mr. Harness and his colleagues in bringing it to such perfection. I believe his first invention was created during the time he held a captain's commission in a London Artillery Regiment, about 1869; but, being ever of a perceptive turn of mind, and having a marked predilection for organisation, his military enthusiasm was superseded by his determination to found an Institute for the treatment of Diseases by Electrical and Mechanical Exercises.

As regards the success of this Institute, it is undoubtedly owing to his practical and energetic character, combined with remarkable perseverance, that he has raised against a storm of prejudice a Medical Electrical Institute which has no equal.

It cannot, therefore, be without public interest as well as to public advantage that reliable knowledge of its many valuable details and its practical attainments should be widely spread; for through the general absence of accurate information concerning the scientific principles and applications of Medical Electricity, the number of uninformed sceptics is legion. To disperse this darkness is most desirable.

The comparison of what has been accomplished by entirely private enterprise in Oxford Street with what has been done by the whole medical profession collectively in the Metropolis is astounding. In all the public and private hospitals of London there are only two sets of noticeable electrical apparatus employed, the cost of which may be taken at a total estimated value of a few hundreds,

as against £100,000 invested by the Electropathic and Zander Institute in Oxford Street.

The only public hospitals which have really practical means of administering electrical treatment are St. Bartholomew's and St. Mary's, Paddington. There are only two or three private establishments deserving of any notice, and the rest have no particular claims to attention.

The Electrical Department at St. Mary's Hospital (visited by me on Nov. 23, 1892) is small, but sufficient for the practical purposes it is put to. A divided room at the end of the south corridor, on the ground floor, is assigned to it. It is furnished with two sets of Leclanche's cells, respectively sixty and seventy in number.

I visited the Electrical Department of St. Bartholomew's Hospital on Dec. 2, 1892. There were six or seven patients awaiting attention, but I did not see any of them treated.

One cannot help feeling that medical electrical practitioners need and merit greater encouragement and greater scope from the hospital authorities. It is manifest, however, that electricity, in its best medical homes in the Metropolis, is but a subsidiary affair so far as its therapeutical employment is therein concerned.

In both hospitals the bare boards and scant furniture give no idea of comfort for paying invalids. Still less is there anything to compare with the magnificent apparatus at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, which draws its largest support from the wealthy and rich classes of society. There is at this date (Jan. 3, 1893) more advanced and valuable plant in the window of



THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S INSTITUTE,  
52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

the Oxford Street establishment than in both the equipments of the hospitals referred to.

Comparing this survey confirms the report made by M. Loreau, of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, in July 1888, and published in Mr. Harness' book, "Mild Galvanic Currents"; therefore it is clear that during the last five years no prominent improvement has been made in the hospital electrical departments. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Harness was the pioneer who founded his establishment about 1880. It is much to be deplored that a better appreciation has not been acquired by medical practitioners through honest and authoritative investigation.

It has been kept out of view that the Electropathic Institute has two phases, the one being the Belts, the other the administration of electricity from batteries and machines. The treatments in the latter class are on the same lines as the treatment practised at the hospitals and by the medical practitioners in this country and in France: only that the operations are performed with superior appliances and by trained attendants, both male and female, acting under certified officers.

The fundamental distinguishing feature between the activity of the business firm and the inactivity of the professional physicians is the advertising. The College of Physicians prohibit advertising on the part of their members, so that no new industry is likely to be raised by their hands.

The sale of Electropathic Belt appliances by the Medical Battery Company is very large—an extensive demand has been going on for many years, and we may reckon that if those many thousands who in the course of that period have been supplied had been deceived by the palming upon them of a worthless thing, the clamour of the disaffected would have drowned the noise of all the advertising drums that could have been beaten. On the contrary, the Company has a book of testimonials, including thousands of letters from persons of all ranks and social status, certifying to the actual benefits derived from the use of their Electropathic Belts.

*Mackie*







**HAY WILL BE DEAR!**  
Buy one of  
**BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S**  
ROT-PROOF, WATERPROOF  
**RICK CLOTHS.**  
Strongly recommended for their great durability.



With Poles, Ropes, and Blocks complete.

**A WEDDING BREAKFAST**  
CAN BE GIVEN ON ANY SCALE THAT MAY  
BE DESIRED IN ONE OF  
**BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S**  
**WEDDING MARQUEES.**

Supplied in any part of Town or Country, with or  
without Tables, Seats, or Decorations. All disarrange-  
ment of furniture is thus avoided, and the rooms in the  
house are left free for reception of guests and display  
of presents.

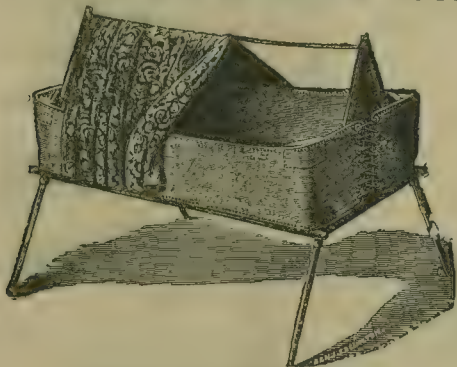
**A GARDEN PARTY**  
SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN WITHOUT  
CONSULTING  
**BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S**  
**CATALOGUE OF TENTS.**

REFRESHMENT TENTS, BAND TENTS,  
UMBRELLA TENTS, DANCING TENTS,  
AWNINGS, TABLES, SEATS, LIGHTS, &c.

**BALLS AND DANCES**  
MAY BE GIVEN IN  
**BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S**  
**TEMPORARY ROOMS.**

SUITED TO ANY NUMBERS.  
Fitted complete with every requisite, and erected  
anywhere.

**THE SHAKESPEARE COT.**

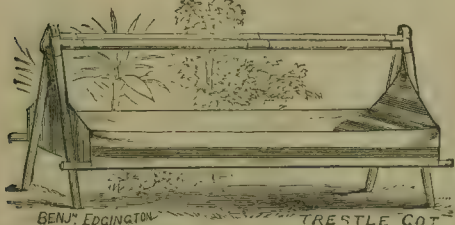


A NEW CHILD'S FOLDING BED.

This new invention is very strong and simple; it can  
be easily taken to pieces and put together again; it  
packs into a small compass, and weighs 15 lb. The  
canvas is in one piece, which is stretched on to a frame,  
thus forming such an easy, pliable bed that a mattress  
is not needed.



NEW LAWN TENNIS TENT, WITHOUT  
CENTRE POLE.



BENJ. EDGINGTON'S TRESTLE COT.  
LIGHT, STRONG & SIMPLE, COMPACT.

For Price-Lists and Particulars address  
**BENJAMIN EDGINGTON,**  
LIMITED,  
2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

# PETER ROBINSON'S

**MOORING WAREHOUSE.**

## SUMMER SALE

### NOW PROCEEDING

Silks, Dress - Fabrics, Mantles, Costumes,  
Millinery, Lingerie, &c., at greatly reduced  
prices. Circular post free.

256 to 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

ALWAYS YOUNG.



ALWAYS FAIR.

### Beetham's

AND  
**Glycerine**  
**Cucumber**

Is superior to every other preparation for rendering the  
SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It entirely removes  
and prevents all REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, IRRITA-  
TION, &c., and preserves the SKIN from the effects of the  
HOT SUN, WIND, and HARD WATER more effectually  
than any other preparation.

A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION IS  
SOON OBTAINED BY ITS USE.

The wonderfully cooling properties of the CUCUMBER  
JUICE render it delightfully Refreshing and Soothing if  
applied after being out in the Hot Sun, Tennis-Playing,  
Walking, Yachting, &c. It allays all Irritation from the  
Bites and Stings of Insects.

No lady who values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it, as  
it is invaluable at all seasons of the year for keeping the SKIN  
SOFT and GLOWING.

BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS.  
"BEETHAM'S" IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

It is perfectly Harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the  
Tenderest Infant.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers.  
Any size free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

## IF YOU COUGH

TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME MELBA.

"I find your Pastilles excellent for the  
throat. I very often use them when I am  
hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.

"Yours faithfully,  
"NELLIE MELBA."

Endorsed by  
Mesd. ALBANI, LANGTRY, FLORENCE  
ST. JOHN, MARIE ROZE, and others.

TAKE

For Loss or Weakness  
of Voice, Hoarseness,  
Catarrh, Influenza,  
Asthma, &c.  
They are used by  
every singer of note.

## GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price by the  
Wholesale Dépôt, FASSETT and JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.



OF ALL CHEMISTS.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits adopting the Title.  
WHITE SOUND TEETH. FRAGRANT BREATH. HEALTHY GUMS.  
**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S**  
**Oriental**  
**Tooth**  
**Paste**  
Sixty Years  
in Use.  
CAUTION.—The ONLY GENUINE is  
signed by JEWSBURY & BROWN.  
Pots, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.

## SWANBILL CORSETS

(REGISTERED).



TENTH TYPE OF FIGURE.

White or  
French Grey, 21s.

Specially designed for Em-  
broidery. The arrangement  
of the front bones, the left  
of webbing, and adjustable  
straps give great support.

A Corset of proved success.

In BLACK ITALIAN CLOTH,  
28s. 6d.

Key to Swanbill Corsets,  
illustrated by fourteen types  
of figure, post free.

**ADDLEY BOURNE,**  
Ladies' Warehouse,  
174, SLOANE STREET,  
BELGRAVIA, LONDON.

## CHAS. PACKER & CO.

76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W.

**NEW PATENT.**



An absolutely secure Screw Fastening, for all inter-  
changeable articles of Jewellery, such as Pins, Studs,  
Rings, Bracelets, &c. Full Particulars and Illustrations  
in Catalogue, post free on application.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded  
the  
HIGHEST HONOURS  
AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER

In 1-lb. and ½-lb. Packets.

For  
BREAKFAST,  
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Daily Consumption  
exceeds 50 tons.

## CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Paris,  
London,  
New York.

Sold Everywhere.



FOR TORPID LIVER.



FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.  
Small Dose.  
Small Price.  
Forty in a Vial.  
Sugar Coated.  
Purely Vegetable.  
Cure Torpid Liver without fail.  
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER**  
**PILLS.**



# BEECHAM'S PILLS

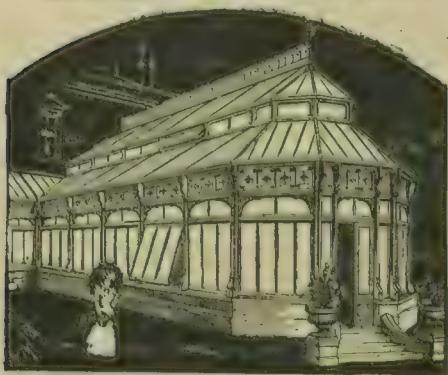
FOR ALL  
**BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,**  
 SUCH AS  
**Sick Headache,  
 Weak Stomach,  
 Impaired Digestion,  
 Constipation,  
 Liver Complaint, and  
 Female Ailments.**

In Boxes, 9½d., 13½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Prepared by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

## BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE.

EFFICACIOUS—ECONOMICAL.—CLEANSES the TEETH—PERFUMES the BREATH.  
 IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—ONE SHILLING EACH.

### BOULTON & PAUL. HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS. NORWICH.

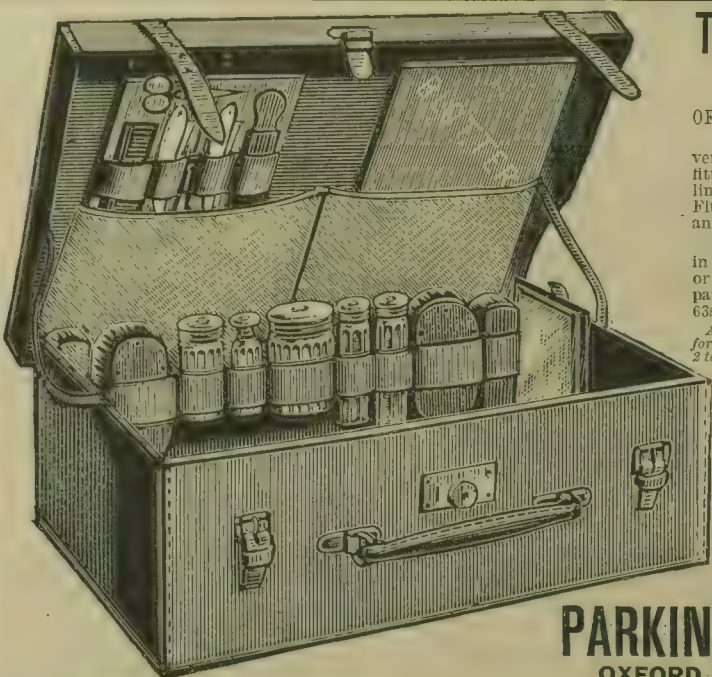


EVERY DESCRIPTION of HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS and APPLIANCES.  
 Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special Appointment.

LADY MARGESSON'S  
**WATCH & MONEY BAG**  
 CAN BE OBTAINED AT  
**FISHER'S, 188, STRAND.**



G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined with Anson and Dealey's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolt, is the most perfect weapon ever placed in the hands of the sportsman. The opening of this gun cocks it, and bolts the triggers and tumblers automatically. Prices from 20 to 40 guineas. A special plain quality, £16. Express shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy it at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on terms of P.O.O. and maintenance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Patent trial allowed. A choice of 2000 guns, 1 shot, and revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade.—G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 and 33, Lower Love Lane Street, Birmingham. Estab. 1850. Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."



### TRAVELLING BAGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
 FOR LADIES.

very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 84s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s.

FOR GENTLEMEN, in Morocco, carriage shape, or in Hide Leather, Gladstone pattern, fitted complete, 42s., 63s., 84s., 105s.

A large selection of fitted Bags, for Ladies and Gentlemen, from 2 to 20 guineas.

GLADSTONE BAGS, HAND BAGS.

**SUIT CASE,**  
 solid leather, fitted complete, as illustration,  
**FIVE GUINEAS.**

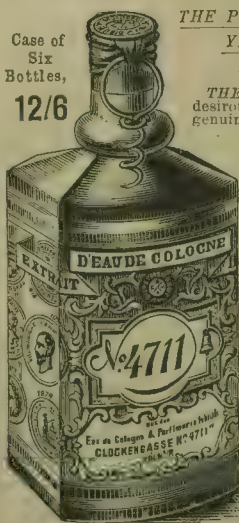
Carriage paid to any station in England on all orders over 20s.

**PARKINS & GOTTO,**  
 OXFORD ST., LONDON.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS' GENUINE No. 4711 BRAND

OF  
**EAU DE COLOGNE.**



THE PUREST AND STRONGEST  
 YET MOST DELICATE  
 EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Anyone desirous of getting a thoroughly genuine Cologne cannot do better than send for a bottle of the '4711' Double Extract. Once having used it, repetition is a foregone conclusion."

Large selection of Choicest Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple Concentrated Extracts, made from Fresh Flowers gathered at Grasse

Of all Dealers in Perfumes, or at the  
 LONDON BRANCH:  
 62, NEW BOND ST., W.  
 (One door from Brook St.)  
 Price-Lists on application to Mr. J. REUTER, Manager.  
 And at Cologne, New York, Vienna, Riga, and Odessa.



TO  
 LADIES.

**CREME SIMON**  
 (superior to Vaseline and Cucumber) for the Complexion and light cutaneous affections. **Sunburn, Redness, Chills, Chaps.** It whitens, fortifies, and perfumes the skin to which it imparts a fragrant perfume and gives a velvety appearance.

J. SIMON, 12, Rue Grange Bateliere, PARIS.  
 Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, and Principal Goods Stores.

EXQUISITE MODEL, PERFECT FIT, GUARANTEED WEAR.



THE **Y&N**  
 PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil; also in the new Sanitary Woolen Cloth. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every Genuine Y & N Corset is Stamped. Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

Three Gold Medals.







## THE NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL AT MALTA ON THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA.

### THE RECENT NAVAL CATASTROPHES.

BY SIR EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.

THE British people are not so unreasonable as to expect that their vast Navy, distributed over all seas and encountering all conditions of wind and weather, shall never incur grave disaster. On the contrary, ready allowance is made by them not only for all such accidents as are covered by the phrase "acts of God," but likewise for all such other accidents as result from those errors of judgment to which most men are liable. But the present generation has been a witness of naval catastrophes which cannot be thus accounted for, of which the loss of the *Victoria* are the most conspicuous instances. No one of these disasters is assignable to ordinary causes, but every one of them has been brought about by the infraction of known laws, the main responsibility for which, in the two worst cases, must be lifted to, and placed upon, the Admiralty itself.

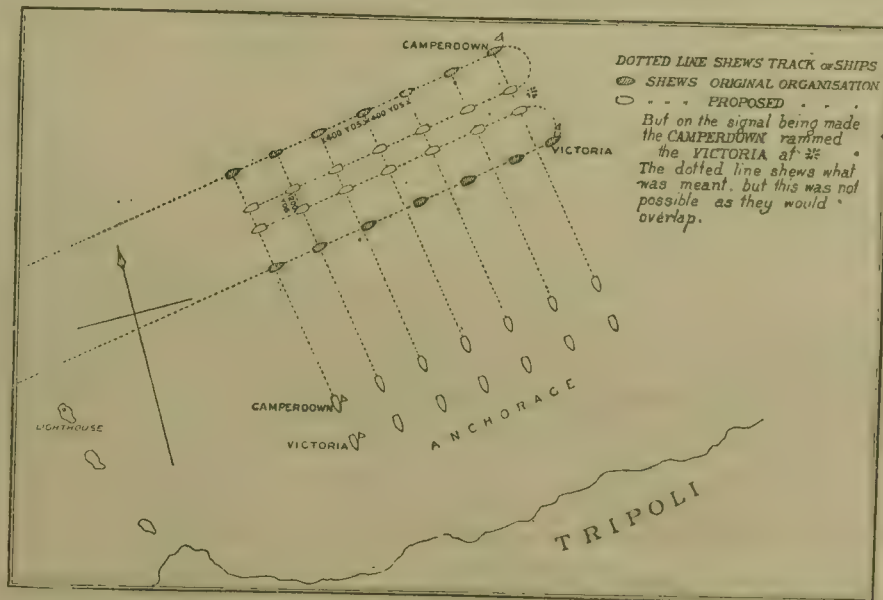
The case of the *Howe*, as the least disastrous and the least significant of the three, may be dismissed with a very few words, the whole of the facts being fresh in the public memory. The present Board of Admiralty well discharged an imperative duty in reviewing the findings of the two courts-martial, and pronouncing decisions more fully in accord with the facts of the case. One point brought out by the Board is of so much moment, as bearing upon the navigation and handling of our fleets, that I will make passing mention of it here. I refer to the great impropriety of steaming a squadron of large ships up to Ferrol upon a flood tide. It seems almost incredible that this operation could be deliberately undertaken, or, being undertaken, should afterwards be justified; and yet, both these things having happened, a further justification was voluntarily published afterwards by no less a naval authority than an Admiral of the Fleet, and one who had attained that rank by a long course of conspicuously meritorious service. Now, the unreasonableness of passing large ships through an intricate piece of navigation

upon a flood tide can be made evident to all who will for a moment consider it. A ship in such a case must, irrespective of tide, be steamed ahead fast enough to ensure her "answering her helm," or obeying her rudder. Let us suppose that a speed through the water of three knots is needed for this. If the tide runs three knots, and is with her, she must therefore obviously, in ascending the intricate channel, move past the land at a velocity at least of six knots per hour; whereas if the tide be against her, she will have to steam at more than three knots to make headway against it, and if steaming, say, at five knots she would, nevertheless, then pass the land at only two knots per hour. It needs no nautical knowledge to make it plain that a ship thus ascending an intricate channel against an ebb tide at two knots an hour would be able to conform to the intricacies much more safely at this low speed of advance than if she were swept along by a flood tide at three times that speed. This was all perfectly known before the *Howe* was steamed upon the rocks of Ferrol Harbour, and it is a serious reproach to the naval service that any naval officer could be found who was unaware of it. Such a want of common

knowledge among its highest officers most naturally, therefore, excites public alarm.

But the disaster to the *Victoria*, like that which befel the *Captain*, has naturally excited much greater alarm, because of the wholesale throwing away of life and property—and of that description of life and property which, as constituting part of our first defence as a nation, can be least of all spared. The case of the *Captain* can be stated in a few words. Twenty to thirty years ago designs for rigged seagoing turret-ships of low freeboard were much pressed upon the Admiralty for adoption. The Chief Constructor of the Navy of that day not only pronounced all such schemes unsafe, but, taking one of the cases proposed, demonstrated by precise investigation and report that the ship would inevitably capsize even under a small pressure of wind on her canvas. He was instructed to say what was the least height of side (freeboard) that could with safety be given to a large rigged ship of the proposed type. He replied that 10 ft. was the minimum height for mere safety, and advised that 12 ft. be adopted. The Board of Admiralty approved, but fixed 14 ft. as the height of freeboard, and the *Monarch* was built accordingly.

The same Board, in order to avert the complaint and clamour of irresponsible persons, soon afterwards sanctioned the experimental construction of the *Captain*, which was avowedly to have only 8 ft. freeboard (and practically was built with even less than that), and which therefore grossly violated the requirement of safety which had been laid down, and which the *Monarch* was built to provide. The *Captain* made one or two short trial trips to sea with apparent success; but the laws of nature and the principles of science are not thus to be set aside, and when the *Captain* again went to sea, and took her place in our Channel Squadron, the night breeze blew upon her as upon the other ships, her canvas capsized her, she turned bottom upwards, went down with over 600 of our seamen, and the *Monarch* was there to pick up the next morning the only fragments of the *Captain* which remained afloat. The warning given had been disregarded, and the awful penalty was exacted.



PLAN OF THE POSITION OF THE SQUADRON AND THE ATTEMPTED MANOEUVRE.



It would be premature to discuss the case of the *Victoria*, either in its nautical or its naval-architectural aspects, before the court-martial has taken evidence and pronounced a decision. But the matter admits of some remark apart from the evidence. It is well known that many of our comparatively recent so-called first-class battle-ships have been condemned on the ground that they have in succession violated what I have regarded as a fundamental principle applicable to such ships—namely, that “the ship should be capable of floating in an upright position notwithstanding *any amount* of injury to the unarmoured ends.” I have contended that all these ships could be destroyed by being made to capsize, “without the armour being penetrated or touched.” The *Victoria*’s armour was not touched by the *Camperdown*; the unarmoured end only was badly injured; but within a few minutes the ship capsized, as she was bound to do, and

Navy of the first class capsized and sent to the bottom in substantially the same manner as the *Victoria*; because the enemy has only badly to injure the unarmoured part

half-distance between two lines of ships which are to turn inwards towards each other. From what I know of the turning power of some of the ships in Sir George Tryon’s squadron, I believe that even eight cables would have been a scarcely sufficient distance apart for safety, and six cables wholly insufficient. As it is almost inconceivable that this fact was not well known to both the Admirals off Tripoli, as well as to their Captains and navigating officers, it would almost seem that some modified movement was intended by the signals of the Commander-in-Chief, and that more than one misunderstanding arose between him and the officers under him.

#### NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTER.

On Thursday, June 22, the Mediterranean Squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.,



STAFF-COMMANDER T. HAWKINS-SMITH.  
SAVED FROM THE *VICTORIA*.

in order to deprive the whole ship of its power to float upright.

Only the court-martial can solve the questions connected with the orders of Admiral Sir George Tryon and their execution by his subordinate officers. But the principles involved in fleet manoeuvres are now well understood. Before the introduction of steam steering gear, which gives a quick movement to the rudder, there was more difficulty than at present exists, because the path pursued by a ship when the helm was put hard over was largely dependent upon the time occupied in getting it over. If the rudder of a ship could be instantaneously put over to its greatest angle, and kept there, the ship would describe a circle, because from the moment of her divergence from her original path the forces of propulsion and of divergence would be constant throughout the manoeuvre. But even now, with steam steering gear, a certain time elapses between the first movement of the rudder and its arrival at its “hard over” position, and this time differs somewhat in different ships. An officer commanding a squadron and dictating its movements should therefore know for each ship how far apart are the parallel lines upon which she would be steaming before and after reversing her course, and obviously it is essential to safety that the ship which requires the most room while turning round should be the ship to determine the least possible



MR. FREDERICK HARDING (ENGINEER).  
LOST WITH THE *VICTORIA*.



HERBERT M. LANYON (MIDSHIPMAN).  
LOST WITH THE *VICTORIA*.

carried to the bottom hundreds of gallant seamen of all ranks and classes.

Thus again clear and public warnings have been disastrously disregarded. It is not a question of subdivision by bulkheads, as so many are now attempting to suggest. No practicable sub-division of such a large inhabited portion of the ship as the *Victoria*’s long unarmoured bow would have averted, or greatly modified, the catastrophe. The sin has lain in the gross disproportion of the unarmoured to the armoured portion of the ship, which disproportion has been maintained by successive Boards of Admiralty against all remonstrances. In a general action with an enemy we must expect to see ship after ship of our

was passing northward along the coast of Syria from Beyrout to Tripoli. At half-past three in the afternoon it had reached a point five miles off Tripoli, and was intended there to turn about to enter the anchorage. The squadron was formed in two columns or divisions. The first, under Sir George Tryon’s immediate command, was composed of seven ships—namely, the *Victoria*, his flag-ship, the *Nile*, the *Inflexible*, the *Phaeton*, the *Sans Pareil*, the *Amphion*, and the *Barham*. The second division, forming a parallel column of six ships, on the port (or left-hand) side of the first column, was commanded by Rear-Admiral Albert Hastings Markham; it was composed



THE *VICTORIA* AND *CAMPERDOWN* GETTING OUT COLLISION-MATS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

“We could see them evidently trying to get the collision-mat over the tremendous rent.”





THE VICTORIA CAPSIZING AFTER THE COLLISION.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"Then, and not till then, we could see all the men jumping overboard in masses; some poor fellows in their hurry jumped on to the screw, and were cut to pieces as it revolved."





H.M.S. EDINBURGH.

H.M.S. CAMPERDOWN.

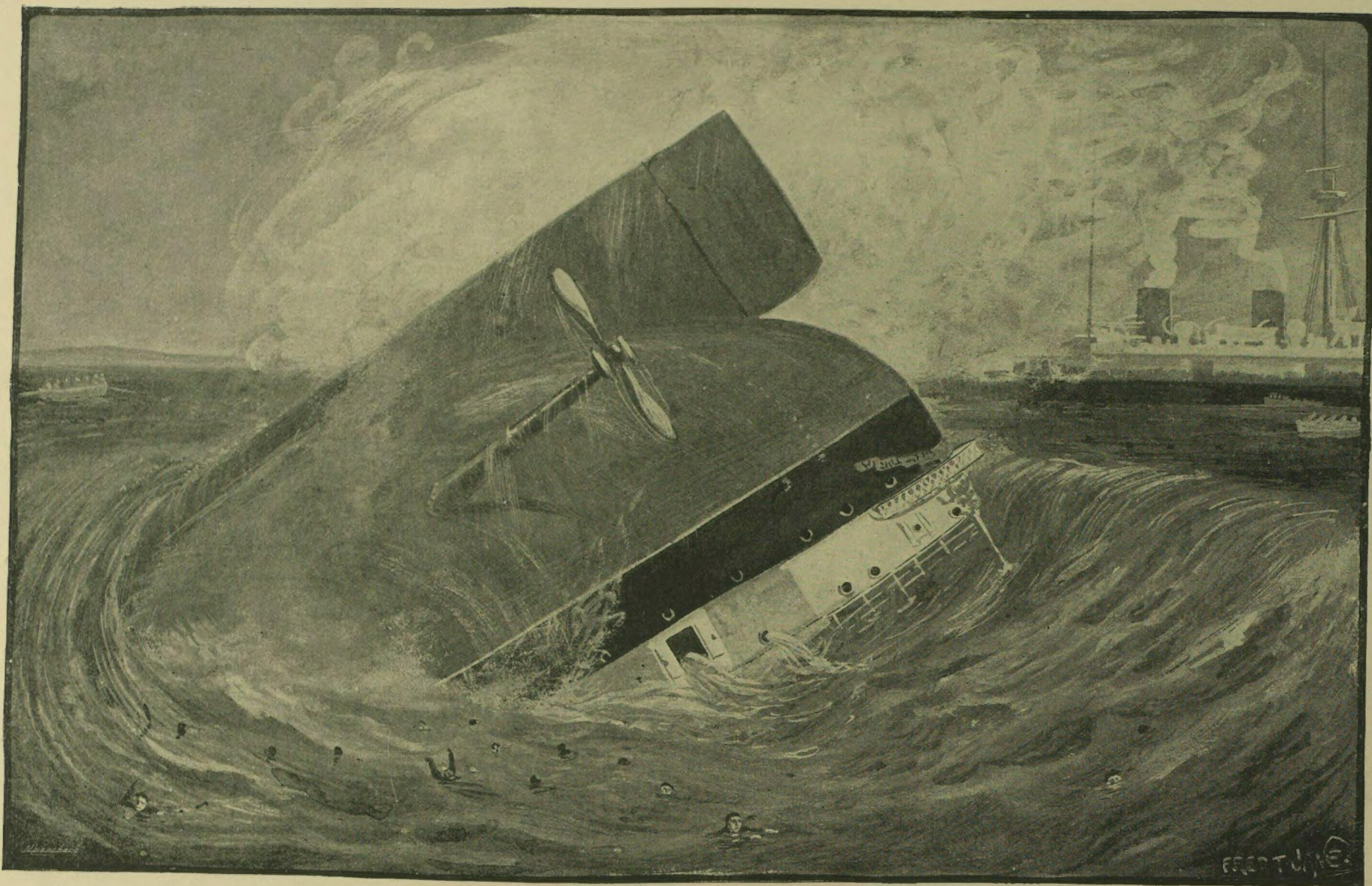
H.M.S. VICTORIA.

H.M.S. NILR.

THE VICTORIA SETTLING DOWN, HER FORECASTLE UNDER WATER.—From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness.

"Her bows began sinking rapidly, and she heeled over to the starboard side."





THE VICTORIA SINKING, BOTTOM UPPERMOST.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

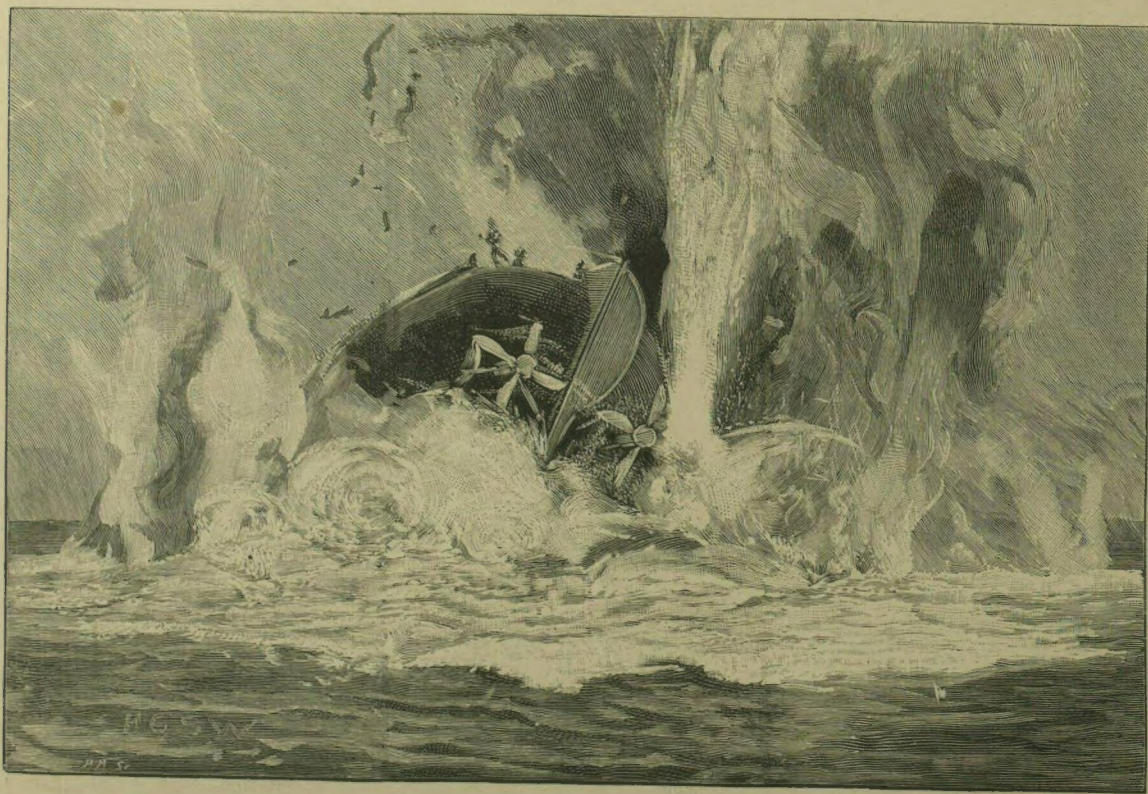
*"Suddenly, with a great roll and a wild plunge, the ship buried her bow in the sea, and then turned over, with her heel high in the air, her screws rapidly whirling."*

of the Camperdown, his flag-ship, the Dreadnought, the Collingwood, the Edinburgh, the Edgar, and the Fearless. The two columns were six cables (1200 yards) apart from each other. They were going at a speed of 8·8 knots (nearly nine ordinary miles) an hour. Sir George Tryon, at 3.28 p.m., made a signal from the Victoria, with flags and pendants, the purpose of which, and of preceding movements, he had explained, more than an hour before, to the captain of that ship, Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke, and to Staff-Commander T. Hawkins-Smith. He had then said that he should form the fleet in two divisions disposed to port, columns six cables apart, and when sufficiently past the point at which the fleet was going to turn up to its anchorage, he would invert the lines by turning the columns inwards sixteen points, and then all the fleet should alter course together eight points to port, bringing the ships in columns of divisions line abreast to Tripoli. The Staff-Commander then suggested that eight cables would be a better distance to form up in two divisions than six cables, and the Admiral said, "Yes, it should be eight cables." The orders of Sir George Tryon were obeyed by Flag-Lieutenant Lord

Gillford; but when, at a quarter past two, just after the above conversation, he was ordered to make the signal, "Columns to be six cables apart," and accordingly did so, Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith came aft to Lord Gillford and said, "The Admiral intended that the columns should be eight cables apart." Lord Gillford immediately went below to the Admiral's cabin, and informed Sir George Tryon of what the Staff-Commander had said. Sir George Tryon replied that he wished the columns to be left at six cables apart. Lord Gillford informed the Staff-Commander of this, and the signal, having been answered by the other ships of the fleet, remained in force. At 2.45 the course was altered to E. by N., preserving the same order of the fleet. Half an hour later, Sir George Tryon came on deck, and went upon the top of the fore chart-house. After ten minutes, by his order, the signal was hoisted for the movement of "inverting the lines"—that is, the ships of the first division were, in succession, to alter their course 16 points to port (the left-hand side), and those of the second division were simultaneously to alter their course 16 points to starboard, the fleet still preserving its former order with regard to

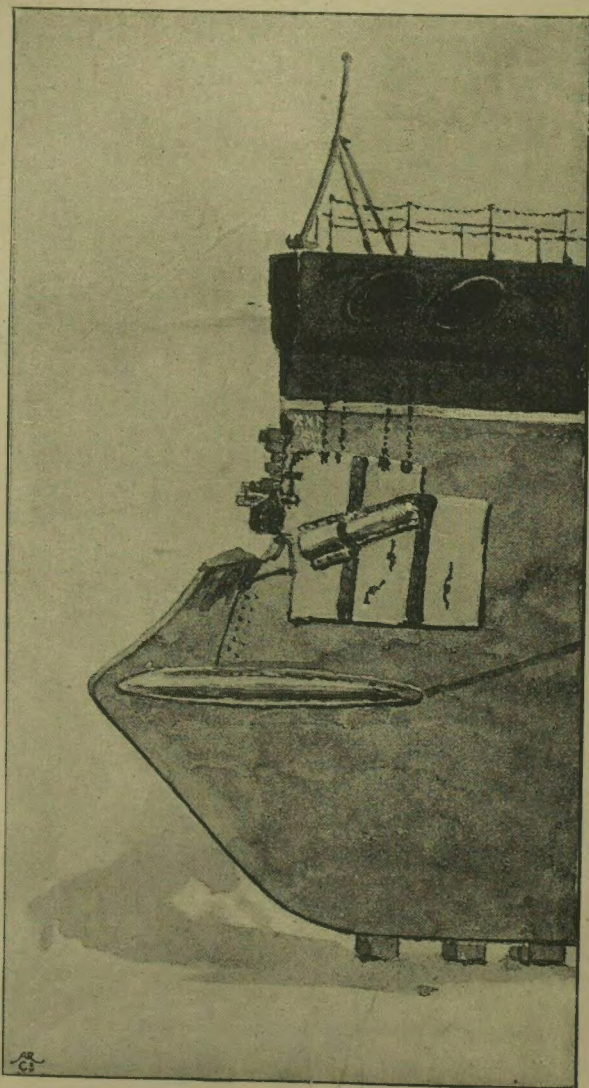
distance of the columns and ships. When this signal, at 3.28, was seen by Rear-Admiral Markham on board the Camperdown, that officer, being in command of the second division, thought fit to question the correctness of the order. His conduct is thus explained in his own despatch to the Admiralty—

"As the columns were only six cables apart, and therefore not, in my opinion, within manœuvring distance to execute such an evolution as ordered by the signal in question, I directed my flag-lieutenant to keep the signal, which we were repeating, at the dip, as an indication that it was not understood. I then directed him to make a signal



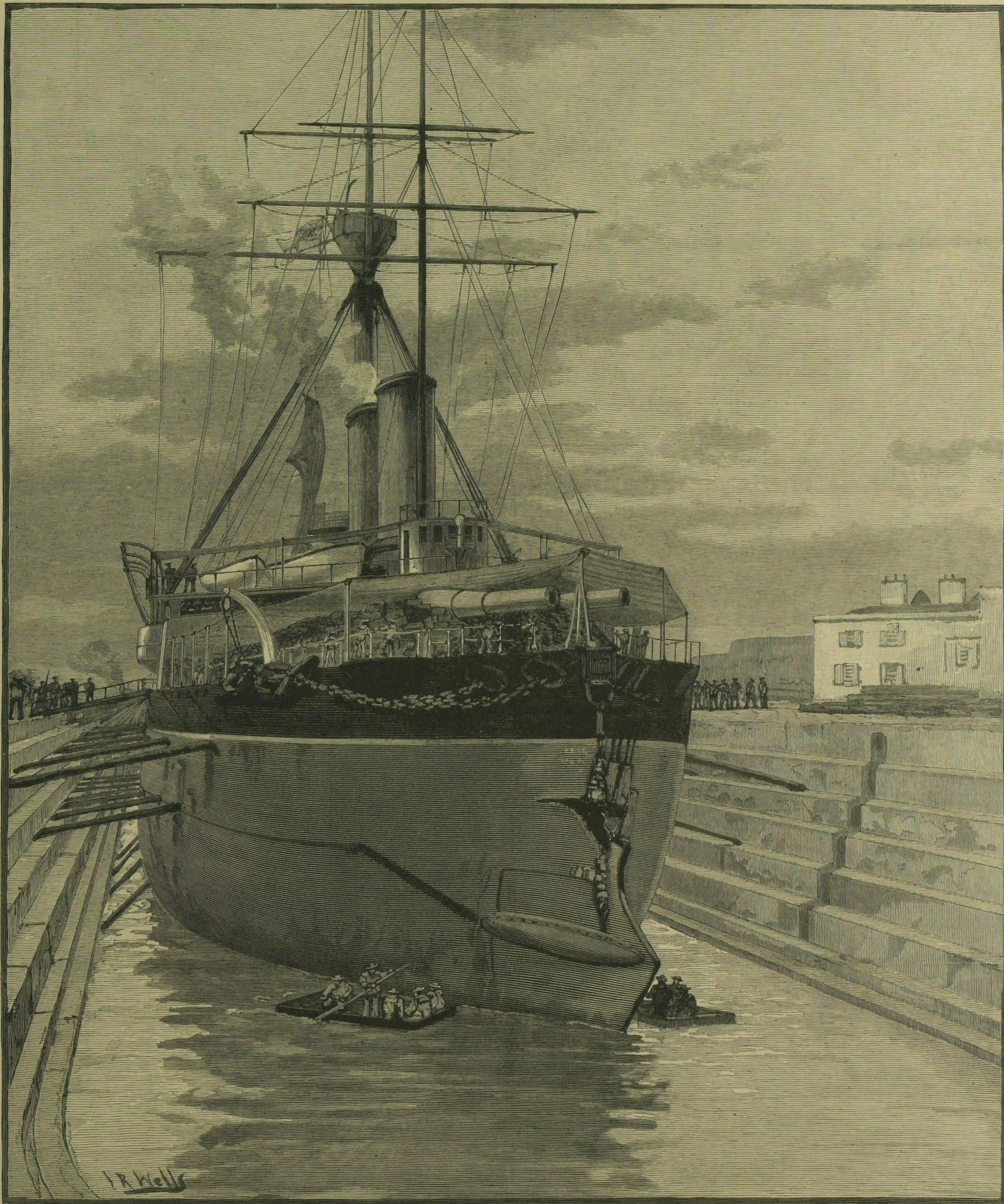
LAST SIGHT OF THE STERN OF THE VICTORIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

*"The enormous screw-propellers continued whirling rapidly in the air; and when, as the hull went down, they struck the water, a vast cloud of spray shot into the air."*



THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE CAMPERDOWN.





BOW VIEW OF THE CAMPERDOWN, IN DRY DOCK AT MALTA FOR REPAIRS.

to the Commander-in-Chief to the following effect by semaphore: 'Am I to understand that it is your wish for the columns to turn as indicated by signal now flying?' But, before my order could be carried out, the Commander-in-Chief semaphored to me to know 'What I was waiting for.' It then struck me that he wished me to turn 16 points as indicated by his signal, and that it was his intention to circle round the Second Division, leaving them on his port hand. Having the fullest confidence in the great ability of the Commander-in-Chief to manœuvre the squadron without even the risk of a collision, I ordered the signal to be hoisted as an indication that it was understood. On the signal being hauled down the helm of the Camperdown was put hard-a-port, at the same time that the helm of the Victoria was starboarded. I watched very carefully the helm-indicating signals of the Victoria as the two ships turned towards each other, and, seeing that the helm of the Victoria was still kept hard-a-starboard, I directed the captain of the Camperdown to go full speed

astern with his starboard screw in order to decrease our circle of turning. Seeing that a collision was inevitable, I then gave orders to go full speed astern with both engines, but before the speed of the ship had been materially checked, the stem of the Camperdown struck the Victoria on her starboard bow, about 20 ft. before the turret, and crushed into the ship almost to her centre line."

The collision had occurred; both the Victoria and the Camperdown were perilously damaged, and their officers and crews lost not a moment in getting collision-mats placed over the big holes in their sides, through which the sea was pouring in. Boats were also prepared and launched from some of the ships, as the Victoria appeared to be sinking at the bows. But Sir George Tryon then ordered a signal to be made, "Negative sending boats"; he seemed to think he would be able to keep the Victoria afloat, and to run her ashore. In a few minutes, however, she heeled over to the starboard (right

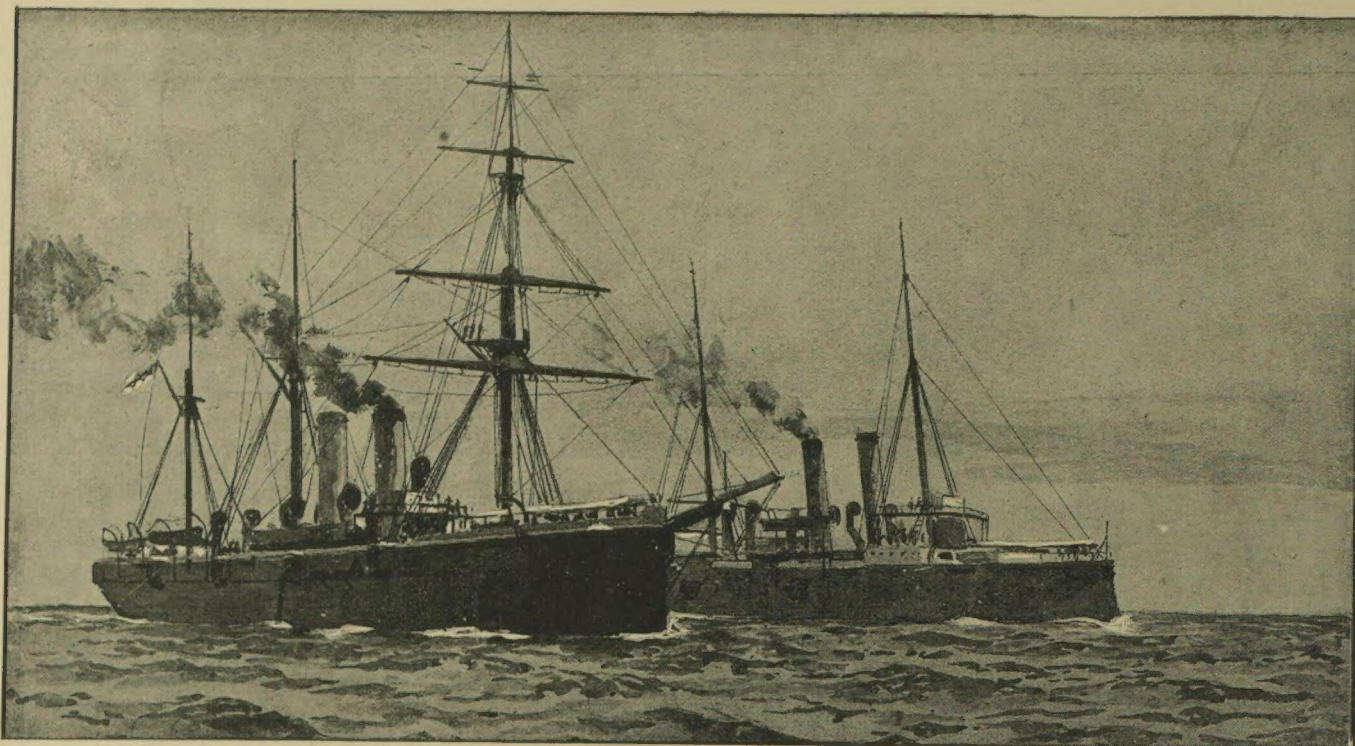
hand side of the ship); then all the officers and men on deck jumped off into the sea on the port side; but Sir George Tryon refused to quit his post on the top of the chart-house, and one midshipman, Mr. Herbert Lanyon, who had been sent to him by the captain to aid in observing the movements of the Camperdown, chose to remain with the Admiral, and to share his fate. Within thirteen minutes after the collision, the Victoria turned over, bottom upwards, and plunged headforemost down into the sea. Her screw-propellers astern were still whirling rapidly round at the moment when she finally sank. These terrible incidents have been described in several letters written by eyewitnesses, officers on board the other ships, to some of whom we are indebted also for the sketches reproduced in our Illustrations this week.

The loss of life on board the Victoria is reckoned at twenty-two officers and midshipmen, and 336 of the crew, most of them being those who were not on deck when the ship capsized and sank.



# DAMAGE TO THE CAMPERDOWN

The injuries to the Camperdown were described by Rear-Admiral Markham, in his dispatch of June 24, as follows: "A jagged hole in the port bow, extending from the stem to an extreme distance of 10 ft. abaft, and from 12 ft. to 18 ft. below the upper deck, the lower edge being just above the armoured deck. The hole is irregular in shape, and the extreme dimensions are 6 ft. by 10 ft. The stem is broken above the ram, and the upper part turned to port, separating the stem piece and the plating the starboard



THE PHAETON AND EDGAR ENTERING MALTA HARBOUR WITH THE SURVIVORS FROM THE VICTORIA.

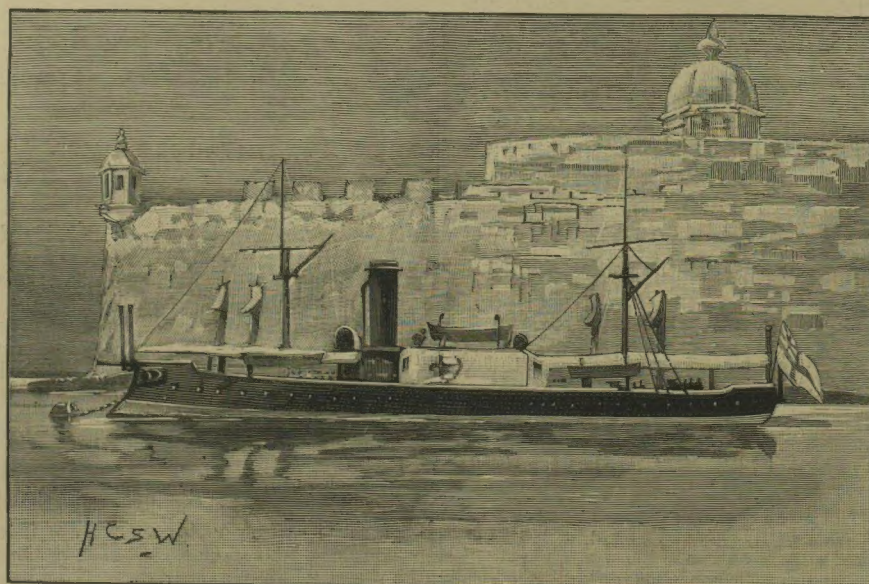
in a new stem. It is stated that all the watertight doors in the Camperdown were shut before the collision; otherwise she would have sunk; her captain ordered all the crew on deck. As it was, she took in 700 tons of water, and her deck came down to within fourteen inches of the sea. It should be observed that, when the collision seemed inevitable, the engines of the Camperdown were reversed, and she was moving very slowly at the moment.

On June 30 the Edgar and the Phaeton arrived at Malta, the former bringing eighteen officers and 136 men and the



BOATS PUTTING OFF TO THE PHAETON AND EDGAR FOR NEWS.

side for a depth of 10 ft. vertically, commencing at the water line, and attaining width of 11 in. about 5 ft. below, then tapering away to nothing about 10 ft. below the water line. The following compartments were full of water: Carpenter's store-room, paint-room, fore ballast chamber, boatswain's store-room, submarine mining-room, tank-room, capstan engine flat, and also the patent fuel space on the port side of the chain lockers." These compartments were pumped out before the Camperdown left Tripoli for Malta, accompanied by the Inflexible, on June 29; she arrived at Malta on July 3, and was placed in the dry dock two or three days later, when the damage to her bows, which had been all beneath the water line, became visible. The size of the hole in her port bow was found to be nearly 10 ft. by 6 ft., which was covered by collision-mats, and afterwards by three plates. The stem was cut right through for about 6 ft. The ram, which was uninjured, has been removed in order to weld



THE GUN-BOAT ORION, ON WHICH THE SURVIVORS WERE HULKED.

latter seven officers and 123 men rescued from the Victoria. As soon as it became known that the ships had been sighted people flocked on to the bastions overlooking the harbour, while the friends and relatives of those on board took boats. The ships steamed slowly to their moorings, followed by the boats, amidst a solemn hush resembling that of a funeral. The gun-boat Orion had been prepared for the reception of the survivors, who were transferred to her soon after their arrival, the wounded and invalids being conveyed to the hospital. Meanwhile, no one was allowed to communicate with the Edgar or the Phaeton. All communication with the survivors was interdicted. They were to remain until the inquiry, and afterwards to be sent home. All naval men were evidently ordered to preserve reticence concerning the circumstances and cause of the disaster.

On July 4 there was a funeral service in St. John's Cathedral, the Archbishop of Malta officiating, for those who had perished with the Victoria.